

APPLETONS' JOURNAL

OF LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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No. 94.—VOL. V.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1871.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]

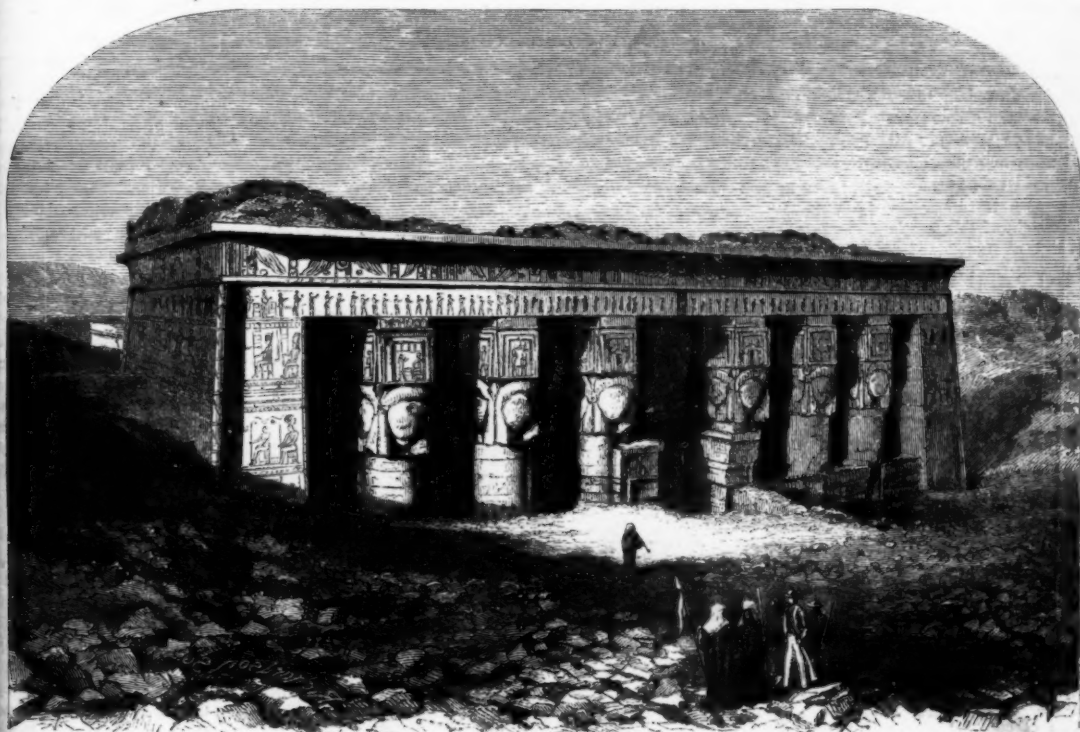
EGYPTIAN RUINS.

WE present to our readers, in this number of the JOURNAL, a series of illustrations of Egyptian ruins, engraved from very superior photographs made by Dr. Vogel, of the Berlin University, for the Prussian Government, and never before published.

The first represents the magnificent and famous temple of Den-

dera, in Upper Egypt, near the left bank of the Nile, one of the best-preserved and most perfect specimens of Egyptian architecture. It was dedicated to the goddess Athor, the Egyptian Venus, and was probably built in the times of the Ptolemies, two or three hundred years before Christ. Part of the temple was built by Cleopatra, whose portrait, with that of her son Caesarion, may still be seen on the exterior wall. The face of her colossal image has been nearly destroyed;

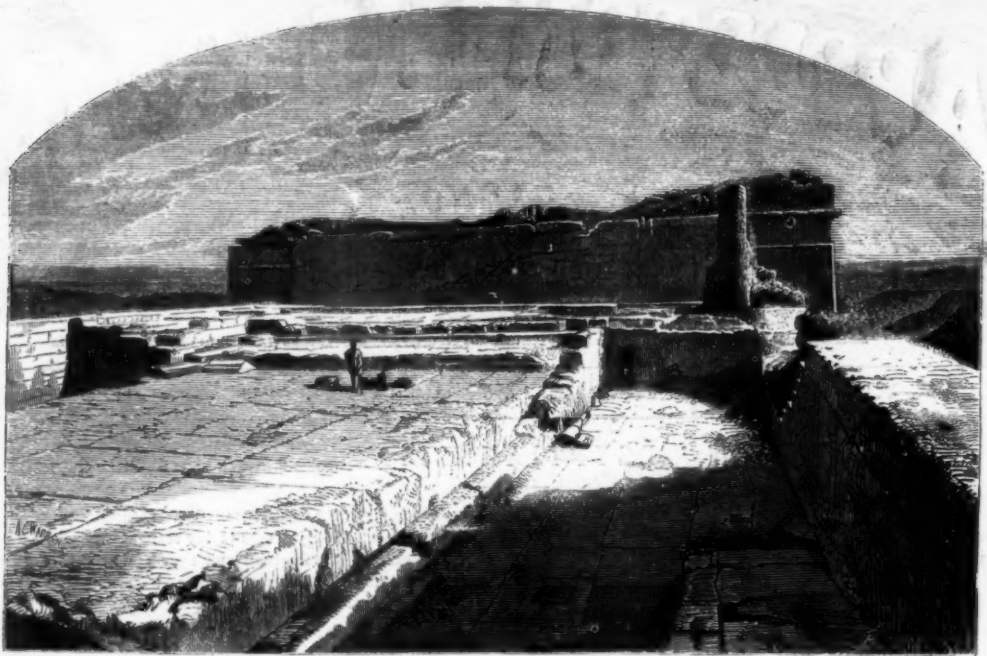
but there is a smaller one, whose soft, voluptuous outline is still sufficient evidence of the justness of her renown. The profile is exquisitely beautiful. The forehead and nose approach the Greek standard, but the mouth is more roundly and delicately curved, and the chin and cheek are fuller.



TEMPLE OF DENDERA.

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In the pronaos, or on the front of the temple, may also be distinguished the names of Augustus, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero. The cornice bears an inscription in Greek, setting forth that the portico was added to the temple in the reign of Tiberius Caesar, in honor of the goddess Aphrodite. On the ceiling of the portico is the famous zodiac discovered in 1799 by the French savants under Bonaparte, which was rashly considered to prove, by the precession of the equi-



ROOF OF THE TEMPLE OF DENDERA.

noxes, its own date to be from fifteen to seventeen thousand years B. C. All scholars are now agreed that it is not older than the Ptolemies.

The sight of this temple produced a profound impression on the French *savants*. One of the military officers of the expedition said to Denon: "What I have seen this day has repaid me for all my fatigues; whatever happens to me now in Egypt, I shall all my life congratulate myself at having embarked in the expedition, to have obtained the remembrance of this day, which I shall preserve all the rest of my existence."

Denon himself says, in his "Narrative:" "I wish that I could here transfuse into the soul of my reader the sensations which I experienced. I was too much lost in astonishment to be capable of cool judgment; all that I had hitherto seen served here but to fix my admiration. This monument seemed to me to have the primitive character of a temple in the highest perfection. I felt that I was in the sanctuary of the arts and sciences. How many periods presented themselves



COLUMNS AT KARNAK.

to my imagination at the sight of such an edifice! How many ages of creative ingenuity were requisite to bring a nation to such a degree of perfection and sublimity in the arts! and how many more of oblivion to cause these mighty productions to be forgotten, and to bring back the human race to the state of Nature in which I found them on this very spot! Never was there a place which concentrated in a narrower compass the well-marked memorial of a progressive lapse of ages. What unceasing power, what riches, what abundance, what superfluity of means must a government possess which could erect such an edifice, and find within itself artists capable of conceiving and executing the design of decorating and enriching it with every thing that speaks to the eye and the understanding! Never did the labor of man show me the human race in such a splendid point of view; in the ruins of Dendera the Egyptians appeared to me giants."

The portico, which is seen in our view, is about a hundred feet in length, and is supported by six columns,

united by screens of masonry, no stone of which, or of the columns themselves, is unsculptured. It has the appearance, however, of not being sufficiently lofty to produce an impressive effect. This is owing to the fact that rubbish and drifting sands have accumulated to a great depth in front of the temple, so that the photograph could embrace only the upper part of the portico. "What was my astonishment," says Bayard Taylor, "on arriving at the entrance, to find that I had approached the temple on a level with half its height, and the pavement of the portico was as far below as the scrolls of its cornice were above me! The six columns I had seen, covered three other rows, of six each, all adorned with the most elaborate sculpture, and exhibiting traces of the brilliant coloring which they once possessed. The entire temple, which is in an excellent state of preservation, except where the hand of the Coptic Christian has defaced its sculptures, was cleaned out by order of Mchemet Ali.

"I find my pen at fault," continues Mr. Taylor, "when I attempt to describe the impression produced by this splendid portico. The twenty-four columns, each of which is sixty feet in height, and eight feet in diameter, crowded upon a surface of one hundred feet by seventy, are oppressive in their grandeur. The dim light, admitted through the half-closed front, which faces the north, spreads a mysterious gloom around these mighty shafts, crowned with the fourfold visage of Athor, still rebuking the impious hands that have marred her solemn beauty. On the walls, between columns of hieroglyphics and the cartouches of the Cesars and the Ptolemies, appear the principal Egyptian deities—the rigid Osiris, the stately Isis, and the hawk-headed Orus. Around the bases of the columns spring the leaves of the sacred lotus, and the dark-blue ceiling is spangled with stars, between the wings of the divine emblem. The sculptures are all in raised relief, and there is no stone in the temple without them. I cannot explain to myself the unusual emotion I felt while contemplating this wonderful combination of a simple and sublime architectural style with the utmost elaboration of ornament. My blood pulsed fast and warm on my first view of the Roman Forum, but in Dendera I was so saddened and oppressed, that I scarcely dared speak for fear of betraying an unmanly weakness. Though such a mood was more

painful than agreeable, it required some effort to leave the place, and, after a stay of two hours, we still lingered in the portico and walked through the inner halls, under the spell of a fascination which we had hardly power to break."

Our second view represents the roof of the temple of Dendera.

Our third illustration is of some columns in the great temple at Karnak, one of the remains of ancient Thebes. Some of these columns are twenty-six feet in circumference, and others thirty-four feet. Of the hundred columns of the porticos alone, the smallest are seven and a half feet in diameter, while the largest are twelve feet thick and eighty feet high. The main feature of the temple is a vast hall

crowded with these magnificent columns, one hundred and thirty-four in number, the central ones being sixty-six feet in height, exclusive of the pedestals and abacus. All these columns are covered with hieroglyphics, and surmounted by capitals, richly painted, and all of different patterns.—We have not space for further details of this marvellous pile, which is beyond comparison the grandest architectural work ever reared on earth. It is nearly two miles in circumference, and the walls are eighty feet high and twenty-five feet thick.

Our fourth illustration represents part of a wall in a tomb at Sakkara, on the site of ancient Memphis. It is covered with hieroglyphics, and the photograph was taken with sunlight reflected by mirrors.

Our fifth illustration gives a view of the ruin called, by the Arabs, the Castle of Pharaoh, at Medenet Abou, on the site of Thebes, and on the western bank of



PART OF A WALL IN A TOMB AT SAKKARA.

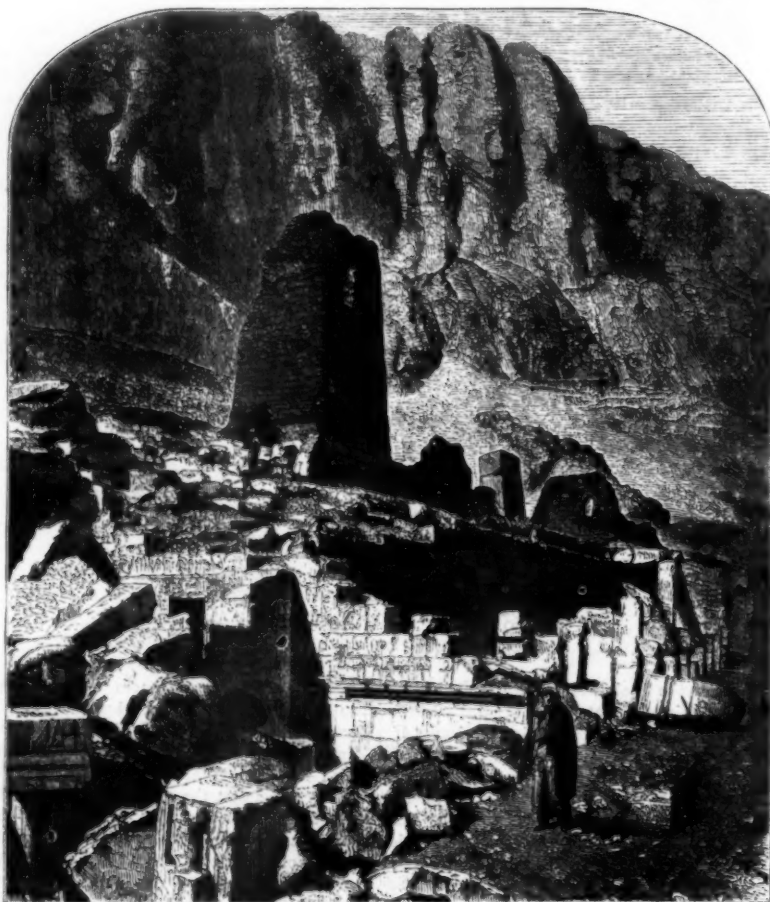
the Nile. The view embraces the plain on which are seen the two famous colossal statues, known to the Arabs as Shamy and Dany, and to the Greeks and Romans by the name of Memnon. These immense sitting figures rise fifty-three feet above the ground, which has buried their pedestals, overlook the site of vanished Thebes, and assert the grandeur of which they and Karnak are the most striking remains. They were erected by Amunoph III., and, though the faces are totally disfigured, the full, round, beautiful proportions of the colossal arms, shoulders, and thighs, do not belie the marvellous sweetness of the features of his portrait in his tomb. The ancients believed that one of these statues always saluted the rising sun with a sound like that of a harp-string. Modern research has



CASTLE OF PHARAOH.

fully explained this beautiful story. There is a certain stone on Memnon's lap, which, when sharply struck, gives out a clear, metallic ring. Behind it is a small square aperture, invisible from below, where one of the priests no doubt stationed himself to perform the daily miracle. Memnon now sounds at all hours of the day, at the command of all travellers who will pay an Arab to climb into the lap of the statue and strike the metallic stone.

These statues are about forty feet apart, and between them ran an avenue leading to a temple. This avenue was evidently bordered by other colossal figures, the remains of some of which are still visible. The temple, whose



VALLEY OF DER EL BAHRE.

approach they were intended to guard was uncovered half a century ago, when many sphinxes were found with the lion's head on the body of a human female. The foundation and columns of a magnificent building were also found. Belzoni dug up here a handsome statue of black granite, which is now in the British Museum. All the indications showed, in fact, that the Memnon had belonged to an edifice not inferior, probably, even to the sublime structures of Luxor and Karnac on the opposite side of the Nile.

Our sixth and last view presents a scene in the valley of Der el Bahre, in the Libyan Desert, on the west side of Thebes.

Daisy I knew and loved. Just one question. What has become of—"

"He is dead," gasped Daisy; "he died horribly, by his own hand."

"Good Heavens!" He turned and looked at her now; her face could not have been whiter, and her eyes were strained and dilated, as if that horror (which, as he supposed, she could only have seen in imagination) were reenacting before them.

"My poor, poor child! Why did you never tell me? If you had told me, then I should have understood every thing."

"Why did I never tell you!" she echoed, almost fiercely. "Was it a thing I was likely to speak of? Was it a thing I should recall if I could help? I had almost left off being haunted by the memory of it, and now, Kenneth, you cruel Kenneth, you have brought it all back."

"Forgive me, Daisy, and tell me, that I may never need to come near the subject again, just one or two things more. Did he—did you—"

But while he bungled, not knowing how most innocently to frame his question, Daisy sprang up, quivering.

"I cannot bear it! I cannot! How dare you torture me so? It is no use, I tell you I cannot bear it!" As she spoke, she moved toward the door.

"No, no, don't go away," he said, soothingly, following her, bringing her back to her chair. "If it is true you cannot bear it, I will never touch the matter again. But, Daisy, if you would only have a minute's courage and patience, it would be so much the happier way. If you would just tell the story out, and then come to me to weep your tears—"

"I will tell you nothing. And, what is more, you must promise not to question me again, ever. If you don't give me this promise, Kenneth, I shan't be able to bear to see you or to hear you speak."

"This is all terribly morbid, mere madness." He noted the wild trouble of her affrighted eyes, and hastened to add, "But you have my promise, Daisy. I need not say that I shall keep it. But some day you will release me from it—some day when our hearts are so close that there is room for nothing between them."

"You speak," she said, "as if—as if—you speak, I mean, as I have given you no right to speak."

"I own my presumption."

There was an interval of silence.

Mr. Stewart had thrown himself into Daisy's low chair, and sat looking into the fire with a baffled expression. Daisy worked away again with spasmodic energy.

Her heart had just begun to beat quietly once more, when Mr. Stewart came from the fireside, and took a chair at the little table just opposite her.

"Daisy, be so good as to put down your work, and listen to me."

"I can listen just as well while I work."

But he put his hand over hers, and held it still.

"Tyrant! I wish you had pricked yourself!"

"It's my heart, Daisy, and not my hand, of which you make a pin-cushion."

"That's nonsense, Kenneth."

"Of course that's nonsense, Daisy. I never supposed it would pass with you for any thing else. But now I'm going to talk sense, in sober seriousness. Daisy, I wish to have a wife."

"Well, Kenneth, I suppose that is quite natural."

"I think it is. I'm tired of being always alone—alone when I'm sad, alone when I'm gay, alone when I'm sick, alone when I'm well. I'm tired of it. It's dreary. I want a wife."

"Well, Kenneth, I'm sure I don't see any reason why you shouldn't have a wife. You're not too old to marry, or too ugly, or too poor. You're kind and good. You won't have any difficulty in finding a wife."

She kept her eyes fixed upon his hand, still overlying her hand. He could not see their expression, but he fancied a slight tremor in her voice when she said, "You're kind and good."

"But just 'a wife' would not satisfy me, Daisy."

"You surely don't mean you want more than one, Kenneth?"

"I mean, as you well know, Daisy, that I don't want just any one. In fact, there is in the world just one woman I want for my wife."

"If that is so, Kenneth, and she doesn't want to marry, or doesn't want to marry you, it's an unhappy thing for you; because, I suppose,

in that case, 'Want,' as used to be said to me when I was a child, 'must be your master.'"

"But, Daisy, she is such a tender, gentle, loving little woman, that I think she would take me out of pity, because I want her, if she once clearly understood how desperately I want her."

"That would be wicked in her, Kenneth, and miserable for you—if she didn't love you."

"But there it is, Daisy; there's the pity of it. I fancy she does love me—loves me as dearly as I could wish—but is letting her brain be overclouded by some absurd cobweb or other, which, if I can't get at it, to brush it away, may destroy both her happiness and mine."

Daisy, trying to keep up a jesting tone, murmured something of the vanity of men. Not heeding her, Mr. Stewart went on:

"That she loves no one better than she loves me, I, at least, feel sure. She has brown eyes, that look loving when they look into mine. She has soft, smooth, brown hair, that often tempts my hand to stroke it; and I hardly think, if it did so, she would be angry. She has the sweetest mouth in the world, with just one fault, that it doesn't smile often enough, though it looks as if meant to be always smiling. She has a dear little soft hand, that seems always glad to come into mine."

Daisy at last looked up at him, and there was a world of flitting, flying trouble in those eyes.

"It's no use to pretend I don't understand you, Kenneth; but, indeed, Kenneth it can't, can't, can't be. There are reasons of which you know nothing, of which you guess nothing, why it can't be. If only you'd let me alone; Kenneth, dear Kenneth, pray, pray leave me alone."

"But, Daisy, this sort of answer is too childish; it is ridiculous, dear, unworthy of you. Because, now a good while ago, and when you were little more than a child, you loved, or believed you loved, a man unworthy of love, is this to stand between you and love forever after? You say there are reasons of which I know, and can guess, nothing. But there cannot be, beyond some trifles, in themselves nothing, magnified by your morbidness: you are making mountains of mole-hills."

"Am I, Kenneth?" There was bitterness in her smile. "Would to Heaven I could think so! It is not love, or the memory of love, that stands between me and love; but something does stand between, and must all my lifetime. So, Kenneth, dear Kenneth, leave me in peace. I want nothing but quiet, of mind and body. The things I most honestly thank God for are darkness and sleep. The thing I fervently pray to Him for is, that He will let me forget. Kenneth, it would kill me to do what you wish. It can't, can't, can't be. I am not fit for you. Leave me in peace."

On his part a few minutes of frowning thoughtfulness. Then he returned to the charge.

"In all you say I can only see the outcome of a morbidly overgrown sensitiveness. What you call peace is not peace, but stagnation. As to forgetting, you will best forget by letting your life be filled with new things, new hope, and love. You are a woman, meant to find your happiness in loving, and in being loved, and in living for those you love, not in the selfish, lonely comfort and quiet of an old maid's life. Think how selfish all you have said has been. It is all of what you want, with no thought for me. I, too, want rest and peace. Till I know that one roof covers you and me, I shall not know either. In fact, Daisy, I so want you that my life is one want till I have you."

"Have pity, Kenneth; you torture me."

He looked straightly down into her appealing eyes, eyes that, even while they appealed, contracted as if with pain, and shrank from his scrutiny.

"I torture you, do I, poor Daisy? That is the last thing I would do, except for your good. Well; I have almost done. I will only ask you, just for one moment, to put yourself in my place. I want a wife, and you are the only woman I will marry. I want a home, not a house, but a home, and you are the only woman who can make one for me. Isn't my case a hard one, Daisy? Mightn't you make some sacrifice—of pride, or reserve, or whatever it is—for me? Look at me critically, Daisy. Don't I look as if it were time I had some comfort in life? See how gray I'm getting. See how bald I'm getting. Am I not thin and gaunt? Don't I look uncared for? Putting aside happiness, what even of comfort have I had in life? Think how cosy you are here, Daisy; and by-and-by you will turn me out into the raw night."

Listen to the rain. I shall be wet to the skin when I get home. There will be no fire to warm me, and nobody to notice whether I'm wet or dry."

"As if you cared for such things!" Daisy spoke, scornfully. She was irritated; she fancied there was a twinkle of humor about his mouth. It seemed as if what was such terrible tragedy to her was to him only comedy; as if he were either indifferent to success or very confident of it.

"I didn't say I did care for such things; but I thought you might care about them for me, Daisy. And, without caring about being cold and wet, I might get a chill, and die of it."

"You have only your own wilfulness to blame if you cannot have the common comforts of life. You often used to call me wilful, but it is you who are wilful now, saying you want a wife, and setting your mind upon a woman you can't have as the only one you will have."

"That is not wilfulness, Daisy; that is wisdom; besides, that I can't have you has yet to be proved."

"Oh, of course!" Daisy was glad to feel herself growing hot and angry. It was so much less painful to be angry with him than to be sorry for him.

"In a weak creature," he went on, "the determination to be satisfied with nothing but something it can't get would be mere wilfulness; but, Daisy, I am not weak, and I mean to get the one thing, that is, the one thing that can satisfy me."

Looking up into his eyes, Daisy flushed, and trembled, and quailed. "Kenneth, Kenneth, don't say so!" she cried, piteously. "Oh, if only any thing I could say would make you give it up, and leave me in peace!"

"There are words that would do this. If you can look me full in the face and say, 'Kenneth, I don't love you. I never have loved you, I never shall love you,' then I will go away, and leave you in peace."

Instead, she bowed her face into her hands, murmuring something about his cruelty, and that she ought to hate him. Then, after a time, she looked up, to say, "But, Kenneth, it cannot be. I will not, I cannot, marry you. I am not fit for you."

"You have said those words, that you are not fit for me, several times. What do you mean by them?"

She made him no answer.

He began to walk to and fro in the room.

"There can be no middle course," he said, by-and-by. "If you insist in your determination to have nothing to do with me—"

She murmured she had expressed no such determination.

"Yes, you have. I want all or nothing. You refuse me all, so I will have nothing. I am not a fellow who can keep dangling on, on suffering. Well, then, if you have given me my final answer, if I must take it as such, then it must be good-by, Daisy. I shall leave the neighborhood. If I were able I would stay near you, to watch over you at a distance (rather an Irish proceeding, but you know what I mean), but I am not able for that. I should not be able to keep away from you. I should be always annoying you."

"You never do annoy me, except when—"

"Except when I ask you to be my wife. I should never be able to see you without asking you, so I should be always annoying you. Besides, Daisy, there are other things I am bound to consider for you. This is a wicked and scandal-loving world. You live alone now, you have lost the protection of your poor cousin's presence. You live alone, and you are a young and pretty single woman. If you won't have me for your husband, you can't have me for your friend."

Her cheeks burnt with hot color; she answered him very meekly, "Very well, Kenneth, it must, of course, be as you think best."

If he had known the blank sense of desolation that fell upon her!

"Very well, Daisy," he mocked her angrily. "I've already pleaded, argued, and threatened, as much as I can. I did think you cared enough for me to set aside your cold-hearted, morbid, old-maidish scruples. As it is not so, this evening's good-night had better be good-by."

"Very well, Kenneth. Good-night—good-by."

"You wretched little unfeeling creature! What on earth could make me care for you as I always have done, as I always shall do?"

"What, indeed! I have often wondered."

"Good-night, Daisy, not good-by. I think I will see you once more."

"Good-night, Kenneth. I am glad you will see me once more."

He went away without touching her hand. She listened to his

step along the gravel, she heard the garden-gate swing-to, and latch itself after him, and then—

First she sat some moments with clasped hands, gazing straight out into the desolation of her life; then she laid her head on the table and cried as if she would cry that desolate life away—for how long she did not know. She was presently startled by a light touch on her hair. Then a voice said:

"Daisy! my poor little crushed flower! Have I hurt you so much? Did I tease you so cruelly? But you were cruel, too, Daisy."

She laid her cheek against his hand, and then she kissed his hand. She tried to speak, but a fresh burst of sobs choked back the words. He spoke soothingly and fondly. Once more she struggled to say something.

"It is that I—I— Oh, I am not what you think me! I—" Again the "climbing sorrow" in her throat made speech impossible, and what she had spoken had been barely audible. There came one despairing effort: "If only I were dead, and you knew all!" Then she laid her head down again and kept still.

"My poor Daisy! My poor Daisy!" A thoughtful pause. Then he said, "There can be nothing I don't know that really matters. Perhaps I can guess at a good deal, can understand how your innocent, over-sensitive heart reproaches you with treachery, because, perhaps, after I left you, you were entrapped, betrayed into what was not in harmony with the implied promise of your last words to me. You were a guileless child, Daisy, and could have been no match for your adversary. I am tempted to wish I had strangled the fellow before he crossed your path. I don't say that there is not much that painfully perplexes me. That you believed you loved him I can understand; few women could resist him, but that your love for him should so long linger that—"

"My love for him!" As she looked up now, fiercely and suddenly, the passion of her face startled him. "My love for him is as fresh in my heart as the day I lost him. Now you know that, Kenneth, you will leave me in peace. He was a liar and a treacherous coward, I know; he was a murderer, I believe. Is a woman who loved a liar, a treacherous coward, a murderer, fit to be loved by you?"

"This is very wild talking, Daisy. This is the madness, not of love, but of hate."

"Who can tell what it is! Only God. Madness! didn't you know I was mad? Mad, more or less, ever since—Wattie died. May not that stand between us, Kenneth? Would you like a mad wife?"

"If I thought it true, Daisy, I would at once possess myself of you. You should marry me to-morrow, that you might need no other keeper. I would deny your right to have a will about it, if I believed you mad."

"Is there nothing will frighten you from me? Is there no way in which I can be rid of you?"

"I have told you the one only way. I will go now, for to-night, that you may get rest."

She lifted sad, pleading eyes to him. She had half a notion that she was looking on him for the last time; that for his sake she might have strength some way to end things. She wished he would bend down to kiss her, but he did not. There was only a very tenderly spoken "Good-night, Daisy," and he was gone.

As he walked home he recalled some words of Daisy's that had been among the last words she had spoken to him before he left England.

"I've been thinking, Kenneth, of what you told me about Graham. I know it's true, because you told me. As it's true he can't be good. I shouldn't like to (how well he remembered the pretty flush and hesitation with which the next word was spoken!) marry any one who isn't good. I want making good, and keeping good myself. He has no promise of mine, and, Kenneth, he never will have. I tell you this now, because I have seen that you are anxious about me."

How well he remembered the exact how, and when, and where, those words of Daisy's had been spoken!

They had stood together at the glass door of the drawing-room of what was then Daisy's home, looking down the bright lawn to the shining river.

He remembered how confidently she had clung to his arm, how, while she was speaking, she kept brushing away from his sleeve petals from the overblown roses that kept falling there.

He remembered how sweet and how fair he had felt her. He remembered the hard fight he had fought to hinder himself from clasping her in his arms and saying:

"Wait for me, Daisy. It is I who love you. Wait for me, be my wife."

He remembered how hard it had been when, at parting, the sweet fresh mouth was lifted for his kiss, to leave unsaid any word that should have startled the child to consciousness of the love with which he loved her.

But at that time Mr. Stewart was not only poor, but had others dependent upon him. At that time he had no thought of the possibility of succeeding to Redcombe Manor, there being then two lives to all appearances as "good" as his between him and such succession.

When Daisy found herself alone, she set herself to think if, in any way, she might win into this heaven of happiness which seemed to stand open to her with a visible door, while by an invisible door it was close shut. There seemed to be two ways, if only either were possible. Suppose she yielded to his wish and let him make her his wife, leaving all her secret undisclosed, letting things go as she believed, leaving the future to shape itself? Perhaps, had she believed in her own power to be, in this way, happy, she might have chosen this course, deceiving herself with the sophistry that she yielded for his sake. But Daisy knew she could not, so, be happy; knew that, sooner or later, the misery of concealment would become unendurable, and then it seemed to her his sorrow over her sin, his grief at her deceit, when he should come to know, would kill her. She remembered, in long past times, how he had looked when she was "naughty," when she talked perversely, and acted wilfully. Remembering the pain, which seemed both mental and physical, his face had, at such times, expressed, she had only to imagine a proportionate suffering in him, when his wife should convict herself of such secretness and treacherous deception, to believe that he might well die of such anguish. That way, then, was not the possible way. What of the other?

To tell him every thing, and trust to his love being so strong that, in spite of every thing, he should still wish her for his wife! Was this the possible way? No, no, no, she decided.

"If I knew that he knew, there would be times when I should not but be forced to believe that he must think of me with disgust. How could I bear this? I could not bear it. No, there is no way in which I may be his wife—I could not be his wife, and deceive him. I cannot be his wife if he knows. What, then, is there left for me to do?"

Daisy did not sleep this night. She tried to plan some future. If only there were but some place and some person in the world to whom and to which he would be satisfied that she should go, then possibly in time he might forget her, and learn to be happy—alone, or with some other. But there was no such person, and there was no such place.

From the misery and perplexity of this sleepless night Daisy could not seek help in prayer. How can we pray when there stands on the threshold of spiritual consciousness the knowledge that the thing we ought to do is the thing we mean, if we can help it, never to do? When we refuse to have the open eye and open ear, and choose to be among those whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes are closed, must not the lips of the heart be shut from praying?

And thus it was with Daisy. She could only sob, till sobbing ceased from mere exhaustion, then turn on her pillow, trying to sleep, and find some fresh aspect of her sorrow bring a fresh burst of sobbing. Between her and the power to pray stood the consciousness that she knew what she had to do, but could not, would not, do it.

"If you will not have me for your husband, you cannot have me for your friend."

He had said so. It was true. Must she be always and utterly alone?

It was this night, that, for the first time, or rather it was in the morning after this night, when she opened her casement wide at dawn, and leaned out into the dewy gray fragrance of growth and life—it was then that, for the first time, in thinking of her child, she was conscious of a dim yearning, sweet and strong, as yet passing her by, touching her as it passed, rather than entering into her, seeming a part of the soft mist of spring rather than any thing personal.

"Perhaps it is dead!" She shivered, the balmy air seeming to turn chill at the thought. "If I knew it was dead, or if I knew it would be sure to die before it grew up, then I could love it! Any way, I should like to look on its sleeping face once more, and once more to feel its tiny hand close round my finger."

After this, often on spring evenings, the mist-veiled stars would seem

to her like the tear-dimmed eyes of little children, and the soft wind of the summer nights like the breath of little children. And she was never more able to forget that she had a child. She kept count of the weeks and the months of his age; and at any cottage child who numbered the same she would look with wistful wonder, marvelling if to that stature had grown her own little son.

It was with Daisy now much as it is, in the spring-time, with the wood primroses, when they push their leaf-lances and their little buds through the thick-lying dead leaves, the rotting beech-mast, or the empty acorn-cups, the fallen bits of hoary lichen, and the broken lichen twigs and boughs, pushing through to the softening air and the sunshine. What of fresh youth was left in Daisy was coming to life again, was struggling through and pushing aside the memories of the horrors and miseries that had fallen upon and stifled her.

Poor Daisy! Though she often felt so old, so old, and as weary as if she had all but done with life, hers was a girlish heart still, and a passionate girlish heart.

Daisy's love of nature was passionate, and, perhaps, when one is still young, the passionate love of irresponsible nature is rarely unaccompanied by longing for responsive love, a longing unconscious of what it desires, and yet a conscious longing.

A thrush's singing through the spring twilight, the summer incense of woodbines at dew-fall, rich sunsets and "mellow moon-births," the sound of distant village bells, the dream-beauty of the sunny sleep of a September day, with the dew staying all day on the brambles in the deep hill-hollows, and the gossamers lying all about on the gray hill-sides, and the soft pale sunlight on the corn slopes of late uplands, these things had always had power to touch Daisy nearly and deeply.

A mist of bluebells in an April copse, a primrose-starred bank, a flush of wild roses in a sunset hedge, a group of queenly white lilies in a moonlit garden, the music of bells, of brooks, of birds, the flooding fragrance of summer blossoms, would stir in her a sweet, sad longing; such a longing as makes many of us yearn toward something that is not, that never can be; a something that if found would enable us to hear the secret of things, to taste the sweetness of things, to live, not to lead a misty, sorrowful, dreamy existence, but to live to the core.

A POPULAR "NUISANCE."

ON the western side of this city there lies a wide, dusty, uneven tract of ground, barren of houses, with the exception of one beneath its level, and to which you descend by a series of awkward steps hewn in the clay; and barren of buildings, save a huge, iron-bolted, stone-and-mortar structure, looking much like some century-old sacrificial altar of extinct giants, but which is nothing but a tumble-down, decrepit lime-kill, the monument of some exhausted enterprise, or perhaps of some nuisance long since happily extinguished; and also barren of life, except when, at stated times in the day, there is a sudden irruption of staggering horses, jolting, untidy carts, and of begrimed, hallooing men, who disperse hurriedly over its hot area, and deposit loads of street-sweepings, most of which seem to gather into dense clouds and sweep away over the river.

The place is honey-combed. There are countless pits, at the bottom of which is river-mud, and in one or two is some stagnant, greenish water, in which some children are forever plunging, and swimming races for the championship of the puddles. The high ridges which divide them are marked with countless devious cart-ruts, from which are precipitated countless heaps of dust, upon which, as soon as they have been deposited, groups of fierce men and women in rags, with baskets and bent pieces of iron in their hands, fling themselves, and wrangle, and curse, and pick up eventual riches by petty means of rags and glass. The cartmen stand and watch them with the momentary air of grand patricians who have flung some handfuls of coin among the rabble, and laugh derisively at the real patricians, in point of money, and feel themselves benefactors for the instant.

The wretches thus benefacted drive desperate bargains over their trifles of garbage. Whooping and begrimed, they cast themselves headlong at the dissolving heaps, tussling for scraps, and wrestling savagely for handfuls. Bare-armed, booted, furious women are the terrors here, and you find them with dingy shawls about their shoulders and waists, with draggled, tattered skirts, and matted hair, and lank, sinewy forms, perfect examples of termagants.

They chatter and brawl like furies, and plunge their hooks into their prey as if they were some avenging weapons whose each separate thrust needed an imprecation. They cast the dirt in showers upon themselves in their struggles, and envelop themselves in blinding clouds, until they have expertly wrung the utmost atom of value from the pile, when they suddenly leap in a body from the smoking confusion, and madly rush on to other heaps beyond, where they again struggle and blaspheme for their infinitesimal gains.

The miserable, unsightly ugliness of one spot is consistent with the appearance of the whole vast, dreary area. Beyond its hillocks of refuse and at the water-side there are some soiled, muddied sloops, busy at unloading some soiled, muddied stone into the soiled and muddied river. There is an unfinished pier, some hulking, iron-guarded canal-boats, much decaying cordage, and a total general aspect of

for their burdens, when exposed as under former management, were highly unpleasant and disagreeable to passers-by. There are some dozen horses, munching busily in their cleanly-kept stalls, and there is a huge, black-and-white, slouching dog lazily snuffing about with a look of debauchery in his bloodshot eyes, which, as one takes his departure a little after, seems highly appropriate and natural; not to dwell over-long upon the beast, it is yet proper to mention that his pace, visage, and manner of looking, all seem animated by some unclean propensity, and that his whole body is permeated by ghouliah tendencies unpleasant to contemplate.

There are one or two silent men in oily clothing standing about, busy at nothing but a ceaseless mopping of their hands upon their hips, as if they were constantly being fouled in some mysterious manner, and always, therefore, in need of much cleansing. As for the

oiliness of their attire, however, it is by no means peculiar to them or especially disparaging, for every thing hereabout has an undeniable complexion of the same oiliness. It appears beneath your feet, and breaks out upon the stanchions of the wharf; it dyes the gangways and bulwarks of two vessels moored alongside, and stains the sides of the buildings and offices hand-high with a heavy shade, and yet there is not an atom of matter to be seen which might by any method be swabbed or washed from sight.

The two vessels referred to are hulks shorn of nearly all semblance to their former selves except their ability to float and their tall funnels, and which contain within their dingy sides what we thus slightly sketch, the mysteries of "rendering."

As are all matters and things about them, they are, even in this moment of active operation, scrupulously neat. The

floors and bulwarks are deluged with the same brown stains of deodorizing agents, and the air wafts freely across their partially-enclosed decks. All other portions not likely to be contaminated by passing impurities are freshly whitewashed, and all articles not in immediate use are neatly stowed away in their proper places.

Lengthwise with the engine-deck of our sample subject there rise five white brick mounds, to the height of three or four feet above the deck, and sink enough below it to enclose kettles or boilers huge enough to accommodate ten thousand pounds each. The tops of these are perforated by feed-holes, through which the matter passes, and by pipes which accommodate the escaping gas.

Upon the subject of this last the obliging exhibitor becomes emphatically urgent, and details the operation at great length, and with much minuteness, with so much, indeed, that it becomes a pleasure to listen to him. Among the rest he says:



"Bare-armed, booted, furious women, are the terrors here."

Thus, properly adjacent to such an unsightly and unhappy view, comes a supplementary disaffection to civic purity and elegance, that appertains to and clings about a certain pier which extends westerly and encroaches on the river. It is a matter in which nicety is not at all concerned, and yet in which there is extreme cleanliness and order. A woman with a sensitive eye or keen nerves would shrink and fly from what she would see, yet she could not but praise the length to which the delusion was carried, that she was not among things distasteful.

It comes upon one in a single turn, but up to this turn there is a certain refinement of concealment, and an almost total absence of what the senses can lay hold of to warn one. There are some few oddities about the place, such as brownish, wavy stains upon the planked walk, which give out a pungent and not unpleasant smell; it is some corrective or disinfectant, perhaps carbolic acid. There are also, among the rest, some reddish, wedge-shaped carts, opening at the rear end, and covered completely at a distance of four feet from the platform. One is told that they are late improvements,

"Smell from here isn't possible. Tell you why. Each and every one of them there," pointing at the boilers, with outstretched fingers, to denote the five—"each one of them has a coil, eleven hundred feet in length, piled into an Argand furnace, and which carries off from the cooking mass in those kettles every breath of steam generated by the operation. Now, do you see, we give this coil a separate fire by itself, and throughout its long course it is subjected to a sharp heat, which reduces its contents to gases, which are consumed by the fire which makes them, and thus the matter which passes off through the funnels into the open air, and which was the foul exhalation of what we are all the time boiling, is a perfectly odorless heat. To prove that no effluvia whatever passes off, we treated a respectable board to a bit of woollen cloth, the other day, which had been saturated for a long time with what passed through the funnel, and, after applying their respectable noses, they unanimously declared that there was no smell save of the scorching of the fabric."

In response to more questions, he resumes:

"All to once? No; by no means. There's mostly two kettles going here, and also two on the other boat. Sometimes three each. But we rarely have occasion for more, as one kettle will accommodate a dozen horses very comfortable. Time? Oh, five hours will boil 'em so there's no knowing 'em. Bones and all. It's queer about bones. Hard as they are, they'll crumble in your fingers after coming through. And it brings matters down to a fine point. If you put in a hundred barrels of stuff, with the proper amount of water, of course, you're lucky, mighty lucky, if you squeeze out eight to bless yourself with; yes, sir!"

It is suggested that the residuum must be extremely unsavory, which idea has the appearance of being a time-honored fallacy, if one might judge from the quick method by which he was undeceived. In response to an order quickly given, a man as quickly brings a grayish mass upon a shovel, which appears to be a portion of the refuse in question.

"Sweet, sir? Sweet's no name for it; it's perfee'! He looks upon it admiringly. "Here's the animal, or, I should say, animals, started on their way to their final dust. This is all sold to farmers for fertilizing, and so I imagine that in this shovelful of—of—excuse me—horse—shovelful of horse there's the identical germs or limes which go into oats and corn, and so the whirligig of events naturally makes me a link between the horse dead and the horse alive, and in which there will be no hitch so long as they continer with my salary as heretofore."

Upon hearing this, we are led to ask about the disposal of the other portions of the matter which passes through his hands.

"Well, there's the oil, that goes for machinery; there's the skin, which goes to the tanners. And do you see them?"

He pointed to some hoofs with the shin-bone attached, which were lying in a heap beside where we stood.

"And them? They goes to Newark and into Prussian-blue."

After a moment we step away a few paces, and come upon a singular and not an over-pleasant sight. It is the nucleus of the whole operation, and is so silently conducted that it would be possible to miss it altogether were not the attention especially called to it. It is the preparing of the various large carcasses for the vats.

It is all done in a space twelve feet square, and with no confusion or clatter whatever.

Six oily men slip noiselessly about, hovering over two huge masses which have as yet some lingering semblance to certain forms, but which, under the rapid plying of glittering knives, are fast losing it. They slide rather than step in their work, and their arms, to the elbows, are covered with bad stains, as is their loose clothing. Each has his separate duty, and there is, therefore, no necessity for a single word as they pursue their labor.

Large pieces are fast severed, and are dragged away with hooks and flung into the open boiler at hand. The body with its huge bones and great bulk sinks rapidly into nothing, and is distributed with startling quickness. The men lunge at it with all sorts of keen implements, and one half-expects some moans of agony to break out in protest.

The dissection is carried on much as one would fling down and separate a toy-house of bricks, but the portions fall little as bricks would, inasmuch as they give out a thud and an ill-conditioned sound which much resembles a spatter.

"Quick?" says our friend, in response to an observation. "Yes,

tolerable speedy. 'As speedy as this: give us a horse whole, and you have him in your hand in seven minutes after. That is, turn him into our hands at fifty-three minutes after one o'clock, and at two we've bolted him out of sight and smell."

Some observation is made regarding the health of the men.

"The labor is good for them. That let there has been with us for three years, and they haven't had a sick day yet, neither has one of them left of his own accord. They gain in flesh and blood. Queer, ain't it?"

Then, further on, he speaks of the other boat, the one fastened farther out on the pier.

"She's built much the same as this, but she takes in the slaughter-house refuse, while we stand by larger game here. All is quiet, you see," says the superintendent, with a gesture embracing the whole of his domain—"all is neat as possible, and there's no smell; you might pass us by, and indeed walk straight into us, and not know us until you came on those fellows beyond, and they ain't much after you're once used to it. Ah, but you should see 'em at grub!"

Here he shakes his head, as if this summing-up embraced all and every advantage which was to be named.

Upon this we walk away to the office, and look over some books and papers, and examine the clerical method of the place.

"Now, supposing there's an unfortunate beast lying away up-town. The policeman is told, he sees him, he reports him to his station, he is telegraphed to the Twenty-second Precinct, and an order is wrote to me to fetch him, and so I do on the minute. Now, here's the book." He opens a neatly-kept volume, ruled into proper spaces, and drags a file of slips toward him, on which are written descriptions of various animals and the particular places in the streets which their bodies encumber. "Now, here the Twenty-second Precinct have charged me with five rats, two cats, a couple of horses, and a dog. Now I, in my turn, charge my cartman with the self-same lot, and, on his return from the specified places, each is checked off. I credit him with the rats, cats, horses, and dogs, and report back to the Twenty-second Precinct, where I am credited also, and there we are. Regular as clock-work. It doesn't make any difference how big, or how small, or how great the distance. An ox in the swamps of Harlem, or a rat at Castle Garden, is as civilly treated as a dog in Thirty-eighth Street, two blocks up from here. If any thing is missed, we can pin the loss where it belongs. Now, last week there was a goat; he disappeared mysteriously from a corner up-town. Policeman saw him with his own eyes, telegraph knocked him off, he was wrote out, and he was sent for, but, like the old boys bid to the feast, he wasn't to be found, and so there's a debit all around the lot to the policeman again. Who's to blame? Nobody. Maybe the goat's arose, but most likely he's gone to manure some squatter's squash-patch; there's one of the mysteries of our trade, but it ain't often.—Goin', sir?"

It is vaguely promised to drop in upon him at some and indeed many future times, and we step away under the close surveillance of the huge dog, who has in some way become almost frightful; and pass some carts unloading soft-hard bones and skulls into barges, and into which they fall with a sudden rattle, and slip over each other as particles of thickened water do, and find their level. Still all is neat and cleanly, and the sharp pungency of the acid arises from about us and beneath our feet, effectually putting to rout all worse perfumes, and destroying all vestiges of the place, now that our backs are turned upon it, and we step into the torrid, scorching, dismal, unsightly area without the latticed gate, and stumble away over the dust-heaps.

AT SEA.

MY friend Snedricor has been insisting that I am ill, and has exhausted his limited stock of medical knowledge in diagnoses and prescriptions. It is true, that I have not been conscious of disease; but my friend thinks this the most serious of my symptoms.

"It's your liver, Jones!" said he, three weeks ago; "now, if I know any thing about diseases, I understand livers. Torpid, my boy, torpid! You see, when the functions of the liver get cranky, the whole system is disarranged." Here he paused, and pulled his long mustache, thoughtfully. "I think," he resumed, "calomel is the dodge for you. About twenty grains. By Jove! I've got a lot in my pocket now! Bloker told me to put some on my mare's leg. I can

guess at twenty grains." So he tore off the back of an envelope, opened a little package of white powder, and dipped up a small teaspoonful, which he gravely folded in the fragment of an envelope, dis-couraging the while impressively.

"The exhibition of mercury in some form, for liver-diseases, may be called the mathematical part of medical treatment. In fact, it is a specific. As a general rule, physic is a humbug. You never catch me going to Sawbones for advice. I believe in the *vis med*. Still, when the liver is involved, it is time to do something. Now, old fellow, just take this little powder to-night, and drink—say—two great tumblers of Congress-water before breakfast to-morrow. You'll feel rather shaky for a day or so; but you'll be a new man in a week! By-by! It's a good thing I happened to notice your looks!"

On my way home, by train, I waited until we were crossing the river, and then I dropped Snedicoor's prescription into its placid waters. I like to fish in that stream sometimes; but I think I shall give my finny friends time to get over any liver-complaints they may have, before I trouble them with a line again.

I met Snedicoor within a week. Of course, he would ask me about the effects of his treatment, and I was not entirely prepared to describe them accurately. I could not get my own consent to lie out of the difficulty, and, anyhow, I had not time to concoct a plausible story; so I forestalled inquiries by assuming the offensive.

"I wish you distinctly to understand, Mr. Snedicoor," I began, with an air of injured innocence, "that you are not going to try any more pharmaceutical experiments upon me! That lot of calomel was enough to dose an elephant!"

Snedicoor laughed comsednly.

"Ah! my boy!" he said, with tears in his eyes, "I knew what I was doing! Why, you look fifty per cent. better! Now, if you will take—"

"I'll take none of your confounded stuff!" I answered; "the very thought of your last dose makes me sick! Ugh! I think I'll go to Newport and spend a couple of weeks."

"Newport be hanged! No, no, Jones! I've begun the cure, and I mean to complete it. You shall have a sea-trip!"

A sea-trip! I had been thinking about it for a solid month. In fact, I had a hankering for bounding billows. I had been sneakingly humming:

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!"

I had conned the maritime advertisements in the daily papers. "For freight and passage, having superior accommodations, apply," etc. I had even consulted Amelia, my amiable sister, who persistently ignored my symptoms, and who settled the question for the time by the application of her vigorous feminine logic.

"I have heard," she began, "that nine-tenths of the passengers on ocean-steamers suffer terribly with sea-sickness. You know, brother, that you are easily upset, and I think it would be sheer madness for you to try such an experiment!"

"Sawbones says the temporary sickness is sometimes beneficial."

"Not to men of your age, I imagine," answered Amelia. This was a needle-gun bullet, and it laid me out. Amelia had charge of me when I was a toddling infant, and I am inclined to think she whacked me occasionally. So, when Snedicoor proposed the sea-trip, the old hankering revived, and I cordially yielded to his superior judgment. It would not do to fall into his plans too easily, however, and I timidly hinted some slight objections. These were pooh-poohed into smoke, as soon as uttered.

"Now, look here, Jones," said my friend, dogmatically, "my mind's made up! We'll go to Halifax in the Inman boat, next week. I'll go. Two solid days at sea, a-rolling on the briny deep! We can get back by way of Portland."

"I cannot undertake so formidable a trip, Snedicoor, except by medical advice. If the doctor orders a sea-trip, I'll obey; and I may add, that I shall not object to paying for advice. But, until you produce your diploma, I must decline—"

"All right, my boy!" said Snedicoor, "pack up. Next Toosday, 1 P. M. You shall have your orders in the mean time."

On Saturday, Amelia handed me a note, at the dinner-table. It was from Sawbones, and was gotten up artistically. I recognized Snedicoor's management, but said nothing to my sister.

"My dear Jones," it ran, "my opinion is, that your health needs looking after. I do not think you need positive medical treatment,

but I advise you to get away from your books for a week or so. It will do you no good to go to the Springs. Send Miss Amelia to Newport for ten days, and spend the same time on the sea yourself. She requires the relaxation, and you will be greatly improved by a good shaking up. Any of the short-trip steamers will do.

"Yours truly,

"J. SAWBONES."

"Pish!" I exclaimed, tossing the note across the table. Amelia read the missive twice. I looked as unconcerned as possible.

"You have no appetite, brother. Try a wing of this chicken."

"No more, I thank you, sister. I cannot get my own consent to feed on the innocent fowl. Probably the vegetarians are right, after all. Potatoes and salt, and then a peach, will suffice me to-day." (I had had a good lunch.)

"You don't appear to favor Dr. Sawbones's opinions."

"Oh, it's a scheme of Snedicoor's!" I answered, with rare honesty; "he wants a sea-trip, and wants my company. I have not spoken to Sawbones about my health, or about any thing else, for a month."

"It would be beneficial, though, or the doctor would not recommend it. You eat nothing, and sea-air might improve your appetite at least. If you decide to try the experiment, I have no objection to Newport for a week. In fact, Mrs. Spangle invited me to-day to go with her on Monday. You know she has a cottage."

"Well. Suppose I go with you to Newport?"

"The other plan is better, I think. I saw in the papers that the City of Albany sails on Tuesday, touching at Halifax."

"Tuesday?" I replied, deliberately and deceitfully. "I suppose I shall not need much baggage? Well, Amelia, if you think it advisable, I will escort you to the Newport boat on Monday, and take passage for Halifax the next day."

I have written thus far on top of my hat-box, in my state-room. Snedicoor is on deck. We have been from the pier about two hours, and he has smoked about seven cigars. All my surroundings are novel. The dimensions of my apartment, when compared with the house occupied by Carlo, my dog, may be termed spacious. Seated on the edge of my berth, I find the opposite wall very convenient, as it prevents my slipping, and supports my knees. Snedicoor selected the upper berth, which is filled with rugs, valises, and overcoats. Where he is going to store them to-night, I cannot imagine. Indeed, I await with some awe the sleeping-hour, to resolve the doubts which now haunt me respecting the disposition of Snedicoor's legs. I suppose there are several screws loose about the steamer's machinery, as I notice a peculiar shudder that seems to pervade the boat from stem to stern. Our room is in the stern, and Snedicoor pointed out a stick in the other end of the vessel, which, he said, was the stem. It is tied to other sticks, which are nearly perpendicular. There are three of those, tied to one another in the most curious and complicated manner. Somebody is in the adjoining room in dire agony. I have endured the groans, which come through the thin partition, until my life is a burden. I shall arrest the "stooard" when he passes my door, and institute inquiries.

The stooard has passed, and I have obtained the information.

"Oh, bless your heyes, sir, *that's* nothink! Honly a passerger as fancies hisself sea-sick. He's tryin' to caust hup, sir, and, bein' as he's heaten nothink, why there's nothing to caust!"

I have written this down, and, when Snedicoor comes in, I shall get it translated. I get confused when I attempt to master the lingo of the sea, and, as far as I have been able to judge, it does not accord with sea-lingo in books. I heard a man, wearing a cap with a gold band, shouting, as we left the pier, "Caust off that line!" and I saw another man, less gorgeously attired, untie a rope as thick as my leg. I wonder if the rope was the line referred to, and I wonder if untying it was "causting off?"

If Snedicoor's legs should prove too long for his berth, it is probable that he will kick a panel out of the partition, and disturb our ailing neighbor. I think I shall suggest the propriety of making up a bed on the floor. It will accommodate him from his knees up, and he could put his feet out in the passage. I suppose the stooard goes to bed somewhere at night. If he passes up and down this long passage all night, Snedicoor's feet would be somewhat troublesome.

Sawbones was on the pier when we sailed. He grinned suspiciously, and asked me if I received his note. I answered in the affirmative, and paid him five dollars. He threw in a piece of advice gratuitously.

"Jones," he whispered, "Snedicor intends you to be sea-sick. Now, if you will just nibble pilot's-bread for a day, and sip champagne—a table-spoonful at a dose—you will probably escape. Sea-sickness is all a notion anyhow."

I will accost the stoard again when he returns. He has come and gone, and I record the interlocution for future reference.

"Stoard," I began, "where can I find the pilot?"

"Pilot, sir? Bless your heyes, sir, he's been gone a hower. Want to send a letter, sir?"

"No. I only wanted some of his bread. I have—a curiosity to taste pilot's-bread. A small loaf. And a bottle of champagne."

The stoard worked his features convulsively, put his knuckles in his mouth, and coughed.

"Yessir! I can get you some," and he retired, muttering, "Loaf o' pilot's-bread! My heyes! 'ere's a go!"

He brought me half a dozen crackers, as large as dinner-plates and hard as stones, a lump of cheese, and a bottle of Piper Heidsieck. I have had a "dose." Sawbones entirely forgot to tell me the proper intervals between doses. It is very wishy-washy stuff. The ship has acquired an entirely new motion, retaining the old shudder, however. It, I mean she, is now practising a new sort of marine dance—a kind of *chasser de chasser*, in addition to the inevitable pitch. She slides sideways, as if she were greased. I suspect she is. There is a distinct oleaginous odor pervading the atmosphere, despite the sea-breeze. I'll take another dose.

Snedicor has just looked in, and has descanted largely upon the beauties of the ocean. I promised to join him on deck in half an hour. He says we are "off-soundings;" but the unearthly groans of that poor devil next door—I mean next berth—are very much like sounds to my mind. Snedicor took several doses in one, and then repeated them, without asking for directions. He is a man of wonderful capacity. The stoard has just informed me that dinner is ready. I must put on a black coat, I suppose.

The dinner was of good quality, and too abundant in quantity. I cannot imagine what will be done with the loads of edibles remaining after the passengers have dined. Snedicor stuck to his curriculum—his ordinary vinous circle. He began with sherry (which was horrid), sipping it while I chased the soup round my plate. We had bluefish and striped bass—the latter was magnificent. Snedicor enveloped a pint-bottle of "Sauterne;" then beef in various styles of cookery. Snedicor had a whole bottle of Piper Heidsieck "for both of us." But I was mindful of Sawbones, and adhered to tablespoon doses. There was a profusion of puddings and pies, and my friend partook of all liberally, finishing with a whole bottle of claret. He then proposed "a turn on deck," but he did not confine himself to one turn. Hooking his arm in mine, he favored me with much valuable advice, while he took his turns.

"You see, Jones," he observed, with thickened utterance, "you'll get no benefit from this trip, if you eat and drink nothing. D—n the ship! how she pitches! Isn't this glorious? I was reading about the sidereal heavens the other day. I think we must be on them. The bark seems to be going more sideways than longways! Don't she, Jones? How she shakes! Jones, do you feel at all sick?"

"Not at all. Suppose we go down, Snedicor?"

"Go down! Ha! ha! ha! I knew you would catch it! No, no, my boy! Stick it out! D—n that puddin'! It feels just like a lump of cold lead on my stomach! Jones, ask the Captain if he will stop the ship a few minutes. If I could get five minutes' rest from this shaking and pitchin'. Ah! Hello! Let's get to the rail, Jones. That infernal puddin' was one too many! Outch! how she does pitch, to be sure! Could you ask the stoard for a drop of brandy? About a pint."

I steered to larboard, and then to starboard, I suppose, as I pursued a zigzag course to the cabin stairway. After blundering through narrow passages, I fell suddenly into the arms of the stoard, as he emerged from a state-room. I made known Snedicor's wants, and took the stoard's arm to assist him on deck. We found my friend doubled up in a pitiable state, hanging over the rail; his eyes looked fishy, and his gills pallid and flabby. He took the bottle in his tremulous gripe, and gulped down sundry doses; next, he made another feeble attempt at hilarity.

"Stick it out, old fellow!" said he, persisting in his idea that I was the sufferer; "stick it out! You did not indulge in that infernal

puddin'. It'll all pass off d'rectly. If you could persuade that devil of an engineer to stop his machine a minute—suppose you ask him, Jones?"

I staggered forward once more, and succeeded in finding the engine-room. I could not get in, fortunately, as I should have been mixed up in the complicated machinery in five seconds. A serious gentleman was intently regarding two iron bars, which appeared to be trying to climb to the upper deck. One went up, as the other came down. There were various wheels and levers whirling and chopping about in the most distracting manner. An agreeable odor of hot train-oil pervaded the apartment.

"Are you the engineer, sir?"

The serious man nodded.

"Would you object to stopping the machinery a short time, to oblige a gentleman who is a friend of the captain, and who is slightly indisposed?"

I said this in my most polite style. The serious man stared at me fifteen minutes; he was debating several questions in his own mind: was I drunk? was I a born fool? or was I attempting to crack a barnless joke? I saw all these suggestions in his stolid countenance. He appeared to make a mental equation while he stared. At last he spoke, and, as his discourse flowed on, he dabbed a greasy swab here and there in the mass of laboring iron, missing a crushing blow by a hair's-breadth, withdrawing his hand from the nip of the moving arms precisely as the nip occurred, and thrusting the swab back again in the jaws of destruction, until I became half frantic.

"If the cap'n will write me a note" (swab, swab), "and take the 'sponsibility, bein' a good head of steam on" (swab, swab), "and the ship goin' fifteen knots, and a goodish breeze on the port quarter" (swab), "and if you could hunt up a parson aboard, to read pra'rs in the after-cabin before we go down in consekens of busted biler" (swab, swab), "I s'pose it would be as good a way of going to heaven as any. But, you see, sir, I must have written orders."

All this was said with great deliberation, and in a husky voice. This worthy gentleman was evidently lineally descended from Casabianca of the burning deck. He was still poking his hand and arm in the openings made by the chopping machinery, as I withdrew. It is my deliberate opinion that he is doing the same thing at the present moment, unless some other unreasonable passenger has prevailed upon him to stop the "biler" and take the dire "consekenses."

HALIFAX, Friday morning.

Since we were landed, I have vainly endeavored to find a route—all rail—by which we may return to the land of liberty. As for a return sea-trip, I am resolved to die here, or go home by balloon, before I again dare the dangers of the deep. After my colloquy with the serious engineer, I retired to my state-room, and passed an experience entirely novel to me. Snedicor enjoyed similar hygienic exercises, but is remarkably reticent about them. His only remark concerning our sea episode, since we came ashore, referred to the commissariat.

"I say, Jones," he observed, blandly—"d—n that puddin'!"

In case any of my friends should require a restorative during the dog-days, and in the hope that they may escape the clutches of their Sawbones and Snedicors, or any other emissaries of the Arch-Fiend, I beg to offer a substitute for a sea-trip. I have "thought the thing out," in moments of dire agony, and in subsequent hours of blissful repose on *terra firma*. The advantages of my substitute are numerous: it is comparatively inexpensive; it involves no care of luggage; it can be enjoyed on one's own premises; and, instead of employing a ship's-crew, four muscular friends can put a patient through the entire course.

First: fasten to your extremities a system of cog-wheels, to be set in rapid motion by the mainspring (second-hand will do) of a steeple-clock. This will simulate the shudder of the machinery. Mix two pounds of powdered ipecacuanha and three and a quarter pounds of tartrate of antimony and potash, and take a teacupful of the mixture every five minutes, alternating with the same quantity of tincture of lobelia. This will simulate the sea-nausea. Close the doors and windows of your apartment; kindle a fire, and boil a two-gallon pot of train-oil, leaving the cover off the pot. This will simulate the balmy sea-odors. Then get four muscular Christians to toss you in a blanket until you come out of your boots, through the legitimate effect of the

internal exhibitions aforesaid. You may then safely tell your anxious friends that you have been "to sea," and have enjoyed the trip immensely; for you will have passed through all the experiences of bounding billows. Seize the opportunity, and see the enjoyment to be realized in the proper season "at sea."

A. JONES.

MY FRIENDS.

I'VE no great nor titled friends—
Lords nor dames of high degree;
Grandeur ne'er my steps attends,
Rank nor glory compass me.
Throwing wide my garden's gate,
Courtiers ne'er its paths explore;
And no liveried footmen wait
At my humble cottage-door.

Yet at pensive eventide,
When the day's long toil is past,
And from wanderings far and wide
Thought comes home to rest at last;
When the firelight, leaping high,
Brightens all the quiet room,
And the startled shadows fly,
Bearing off the dusky gloom;

Then—a brave and noble band—
Over mount and over sea,
And from out the "summer-land,"
Come my friends to sit with me.
Heads with bay-wreaths greenly crowned;
Hands that clasp the victor's palm;
Presences that all around
Shed a most unearthly calm:

Chaucer, wearing on his face
All the freshness of the morn;
Dreamy Spenser, whose rare grace
Far in faerie-land was born;
Milton, grand, majestic, blind,
Yet seeing God by inner sight;
Shakespeare, in the realm of mind,
Crowned king by kingly right;

Dante, with uplifted brow,
And a sadly, royal mien;
Camœns praising, soft, and low,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen;"
Keats, to whom the spring-time brought
All the glory of the year,
And whose dying strains were caught
By the angels listening near;

Wordsworth, in serenest calm,
Holding converse with the skies;
Cowper, singing some low psalm,
Set to human harmonies;
Byron, still forlornly proud,
In his desolate disdain;
Shelley, dreaming of his shroud,
By the blue Italian main—

These—and others. Ah! the place
Seems a temple grand and fair:
To whose lofty, vaulted space,
Priest and priestess still repair!
Sappho, with her golden lyre,
Crowned Corinna's kindling cheek;
Pale Aspasia's eye of fire,
Saintly Heloise, strong, yet meek;

Hemans, breathing changeful strains,
Half of joy, and half of woe;

L. E. L., whose song contains
Just a fond heart's overflow;
Our own Margaret's lifted face,
Wearing still its queenly dower;
Sorrowing Brontë's quiet grace,
Veiling such transcendent power.

Ab, another!—priestess, seer,
Bay-wreathed poet, three in one—
Star-crowned angel, singing clear,
Where there is no need of sun—
Thou whose Florence mourns thee still
Less as woman than as saint—
Whose Aurora's voice can thrill
With new life hearts long a-faint—

Need I name thee? O beloved!
Friends of mine, through good or ill;
Others fail me—ye are proved—
Time nor change your hearts can chill!
Ye who being dead yet speak,
Ye afar and yet most near;
Let your words the silence break,
And my soul runs quick to hear!

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

II.

"THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES."

MOUNTED upon Egyptian steeds—with Turkish saddles, with housings of green or crimson velvet, and bridles and trappings truly wondrous to look upon—we sally forth to visit an Egyptian prince of the blood, whose palace is just outside of the city gate, opening on the road which leads to Boolak, the old port of Cairo on the Nile.

Before each of our horses runs a sable *sais*, or groom, of the race termed Berberi, in Egypt; not a negro of the type we are accustomed to see in this country, with the flat foot, slouching gait, and awkward form, but a species of human greyhound, supple, spare, and sinewy, and with almost the fleetness of foot and agility which characterize the animal to which we have likened him. Neither in face nor figure does he resemble the African we know, having high, clear-cut nose, and thin, compressed lips. His dress is very picturesque though simple, consisting of a white undershirt, over which is a short frock of white or blue stuff reaching only to his knee, with a red-morocco belt tightly girding in his waist. His sinewy black legs are bare; red-morocco slippers with pointed toes complete his costume, and these he usually takes off while running, stowing them away in the capacious bosom of his upper gown. In his hand he carries a short staff, and as he runs on in advance of the horses, he shouts and strikes at all persons impeding the way, with a warning cry of "*Oa yen ragl!*" "Get out of the way, O man!" "*Oa yen bint!*" "Get out of the way, O woman!" enforcing his warning by the liberal use of his staff—for the servants of those who ride consider themselves privileged to take liberties with less fortunate pedestrians—unless they be Franks, whom they are shy of meddling with, through fear of bastinado. A running *sais* will move on in advance of your horse in a long, swinging trot for hours, without apparent fatigue, or showing a drop of moisture on the dusky skin, being trained from their earliest youth, and becoming practised gymnasts in this kind of exercise, every man of them.

Our two precede us, until, stopping suddenly at a high wall, one of them strikes with his staff on the gate sharply, crying out, "*Efta el bab!*" "Open the gate." No attention being paid to his summons, he strikes again, more sharply, shouting, "*Boab efla!*" "Door-keeper, open!" and then a response comes from the other side: "*Da deh!*" "What is it?" "*Effendi foak?*" "Is the master at home?" "*Aioah foak!*" "Yes; he is at home!" During this parley, the gate is slowly opened, and reveals the head of an ancient, white-bearded Berberi, with dark-blue robe and white turban, who, repeating "*Effendi foak!*" again squats down on his *cassas*, or wooden seat, not unlike

a henceoop, which serves as his chair by day and bed by night, and tranquilly resumes the interrupted smoke of his long *chibouque*.

His sole duty is to sit at that gate, day and night, to open or close it, and he seldom stirs from it. As a general thing, he is not a man of family, and, if he has any, it is invisible, for "his being is a thing apart." He is the emblem of solitude, the remote ancestor of that busy being, the French *concierge*, the most terrible tyrant over the French household—at once spy, scandal-monger, and domestic nuisance. But the Boab, like Gallo, "cares for none of these things," and passes most of his existence in alternate smoking and slumber.

Admitted by this grisly janitor, we find ourselves in a square courtyard, open to the sky above. A pet gazelle, with symmetrical form, soft dark eyes, and dangerous, dagger-looking horns, starts up and surveys us shyly. A cynical-looking white donkey, tethered in a corner, greets us with a prolonged and resonant bray of welcome; several slaves, of various colors, sit in a circle, making cushions for divans; the space around them strewn with wool and other materials. On all four sides of the court rise up the high walls of the palace, no windows below, but high up latticed wood-work trellises are seen through loop-holes, at which an occasional human eye is perceptible.

We dismount, our *sis* holding our stirrups, and taking the bridles, and a black Nubian slave, suddenly appearing, salutes us, and leads the way to a small door, and we pass up a flight of marble steps into the interior of the palace. At the head of this flight we find a long suite of apartments, splendidly furnished in Eastern style; long, low, broad divans covered with silk, and with pillows strewn over them, constituting the chief furniture. The floors are of wooden mosaic-work, inlaid in squares like a checker-board, with long narrow strips of carpeting running through the centre, over which we follow our sable guide.

At the end of this long suite, squatted on his divan, we find the Egyptian gentleman on whom we have called. He rises up, courteously salutes us in Oriental fashion, touching with his right hand his brow, lips, and heart, and motions us to take seats at his side.

We see a man of fair, ruddy complexion, closely-clipped reddish beard and mustache, with shaven head, wearing a red fez cap, but otherwise attired in European costume. When he speaks, his French is as pure as that of a Parisian, and the ease and elegance of his manner truly princely. We glance around the room, and find it furnished chiefly in French style, with highly-gilt chairs and ottomans; in the centre of the room is a marble fountain. By the time we have seated ourselves, attentive slaves present us with the long *chibouques*, with amber mouth-pieces, inlaid with precious stones, and with egg-shell coffee-cups of porcelain resting in silver *sarfs*, incrustated with precious stones. We smoke and sip, and the prince converses freely with us on his *souvenirs* of Europe, and especially on his travels through Italy, precisely as an educated European might do.

Nothing in his appearance, manner, or conversation, would induce you to remember that you were talking to a man of another race and religion from those of Christendom; or that in character, life, and manners, this courteous gentleman was your very antipodes; yet in truth such is the case. "Scratch a Russian, and you find a Tartar!" said the first Napoleon, and the remark may as justly be applied to the modern Turk or Egyptian, conforming, as he now often does in public, to the external forms of our civilization, but loathing them in his heart, and utterly repudiating them in private. For all this affectation of dress and manner before Europeans is but a masquerade. The real inner-life of the sons of Othman is the same as it was in the most palmy days of the pride and power of his race, for the *social system* of the East has undergone no change, and society is moulded by the domestic life of every people. The prince we visited was Ismail Pacha, now Viceroy of Egypt, an educated, even a cultivated man, but as thorough a Turk at heart as any of his ancestors who wore the turban; for the other wing of his palace was dedicated to his harem, which could boast of more female occupants than Brigham Young's block of brick houses; and in that harem the prince forgot the costume and the customs of the Franks, and lived his real life in true Oriental fashion. That life is as different in all respects from ours as the East is from the West, in its natural products, in its skies, and in its people.

Reverse all your own ideas and prejudices, and you have those of the Turk; and of this many curious exemplifications could be cited even in ordinary habits. Thus, on entering a place of worship, or visiting a superior, as a mark of reverence, the Oriental takes off his shoes, and keeps his head carefully covered. If you are dining with

him, the greatest attention he can show you is to roll up a morsel in his fingers and pop it into the mouth of his guest. He writes and reads from right to left, reversing our system. When he admits you "into the bosom of his family," it is only on his side of the house, and it is a breach of etiquette even to inquire after the females of the family. The nearest you can come to it is to inquire after "the health of his house."

The Egyptian gentleman is hospitable, and not only insists on your smoking and sipping coffee every time you visit him, but asks you to dinner frequently if intimate, and that dinner is a good one always. But his hospitality is confined to his own side of the house. If he gives you music or dancing, it is from paid performers of very unequivocal character, and he never thinks it time to "join the ladies upstairs." But, if you do not see the women of his household, they see you, while you dine or smoke, through peep-holes, contrived to gratify their curiosity, but the most you may see is a bright eye peeping through the lattice, as you ride away. This constitutes the peculiar feature of social life in the Orient, and gives to its character its exceptional form. Let us then lift the curtains of the "closely-veiled harem," and without our host's permission, as he drowsily nods on his divan, take a peep at its inmates. For behind those curtains is formed, in childhood, the character of the Egyptian youth; and here, in manhood, does he find his only real home.

THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

IN May, a year ago, the steamer *Germania*, with a small schooner, the *Hansa*, as tender, sailed from Bremen to explore the Arctic Sea, and push as far as possible toward the North-Pole. The two having parted in a boisterous gale of wind, the *Germania* wintered in latitude 74° north, on the coast of East Greenland, and sent out sledge-parties which travelled up the coast to 77° north, obtaining additions to geographical science. The ship returned last September to Bremen, all well.

The same good fortune did not attend the *Hansa*. After parting company with her consort, she was steered to the north in pursuance of instructions, and in endeavoring to force a passage through the ice became beset, and on the 19th of September was completely frozen in, in latitude 73° 6' north, longitude 19° 18' west. Amid news of battles, sieges, and painful diplomacy, this last-finished adventure in Arctic discovery will scarcely be noticed, and yet it involved conflict with danger and heroic endurance, which, simply told in the journals of Dr. Gustav Laube, of the University of Vienna, and Dr. Buchholz, of the University of Griefswalde, both of whom were attached to the expedition for scientific purposes, command admiration. Anticipating the publication of these journals in another of the many books that make up the library of Arctic expeditions, let us translate, from Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, a sketch of the last adventurous voyage undertaken to explore hitherto inaccessible seas and shores.

The sledge-parties from the *Germania* were perpetual through last winter. They were absent on their respective tours from six to eighty days, travelling from forty-four to seven hundred and sixty miles. Often a bear, a wolf, or musk-ox, attracted attention around, while remarkable parhelia glittered aloft in the heavens. Mock-suns—arcs concentric or inverted—and segments of inverted arcs, showing the brightest of prismatic colors, are described in the journals with mathematical precision. These phenomena were most brilliant when the cold was most intense. An observant English far, who seems to have been the Sam Weller of the *Germania*, remarked upon these coruscations, that "when them 'ere sun-dogs shows themselves we always gets double allowance from Jack Frost." The men cheerfully faced the biting gale and sturdily advanced against the snow-drift. Often the snow lay deep and soft, with a crusted surface through which the entire party sank. Again, the route was over long waves of suddenly-frozen ice, studded with hemispherical icy mounds. Some of the parties were frost-bitten; others had snow-blindness in one or both eyes; and all suffered from aching limbs. Yet no man's heart shrunk from the encounter with cold, pain, blindness, and peril of life. In drawing the sledges, the snow-blind were placed in the rear, as vision only was needed in the leaders to see the way. Wine of opium was applied to the eyes of the sufferers with good effect, though it caused excruciating pain. Often, in drinking, the lips adhered to the edge of the vessels, and the accumulation of ice on the beard continually irri-

tated the mouth. Washing being impracticable, every face acquired a dark complexion, begrimed with dirt and soot. The big toe on the left foot of every one was frost-bitten. One poor fellow, refusing remedies, who kept bravely dragging at a belated sledge all night, succumbed the next day, and now rests in a grave beneath the chilled surface of Griffith Island. At one time, when the whole party of nine men and sixteen dogs were cramped together in a tent, pressed in by accumulation of snow, the growl of a white bear was heard close by. The dogs seemed paralyzed with fear. Bruin poked his nose upon the poles and brought down the canvas on top of dogs and men together. The position was imminent. The dogs escaped, howling. Cramped by clothing and skins, the men with difficulty crawled out from the smothering surrounding. All ended safely, however, and it is satisfactory to know that the beast paid for his temerity with his life.

The most remarkable of these journeys was made by Dr. Buchholz, with a party of ten sailors and twenty-eight dogs, who reached one of the western points of Melville Island, distant from the Germania three hundred and sixty miles in a direct line, which it took eighty days, going and coming, to accomplish. The indomitable spirit of the doctor's associates is well illustrated by his own statement, that the most disagreeable duty he had to perform was to enforce the return to the ship of those men who had received injuries, much greater than they themselves were aware of, and who evinced the strongest desire to proceed, even endeavoring to conceal from each other their frost-bites and the pain which labor occasioned them.

To understand the value of these sledge-expeditions, it is necessary to remember that the eighty-third parallel bounds our knowledge. All beyond is a blank to geographers. Parry in 1827 barely reached 82° 45'. Kane in 1864 touched only 81° 22', sighting at the same time a lofty mountain which he estimated to be in 82° 30'. What lies beyond is the problem to be solved. Is it an unbroken wilderness of ice? Is the great ocean around the North-Pole forever stiffened into a shapeless mass of unthawed hummocks and unchanging icebergs? Or, far beyond where civilized man has penetrated, is there, as all authentic evidence goes to prove, a bound to the ice, an open ocean, and an outlet to the mysterious channels beyond?

The Germania, as has been said, returned safely to Bremen last August. She brought no news of her consort, the Hansa. The two ships had parted company in August, 1869. Nothing had been heard afterward of the stanch little tender. She was last seen making her way in the midst of a driving snow-storm through floes and fields and bergs, her head bravely facing the northwest. Nothing more. "Quick! quick! bear a hand everywhere and with every thing!" had been all that under Providence had saved the Germania from being crushed between the floating masses on that fearful August night. The Hansa disappeared, perhaps to go down in the gale, perhaps to be driven into the unknown west which swallowed up Franklin and his one hundred and thirty-nine picked seamen. Friends of the absent began to be alarmed. The University of Vienna, which had lost its Dr. Laube, were urgent to dispatch a ship of rescue. The committee of management, hampered by the unexpected war, were at their wits' ends what to do. In the midst of the excitement news came from Copenhagen of the safety of officers and crew, and in October the missing mariners were all landed, not one lost, at Bremen. Their story may be shortly told.

The Hansa, after parting company with the Germania, was steered northward. In endeavoring to force a passage through the ice, she became beset, and on the 19th of September, 1869, was completely frozen in. This was the beginning only of tribulation. Ice accumulated around the vessel. Immense pressure from floating masses in the sea beyond increased. Her timbers began to crack. The drift of the whole body of ice perpetually changed her position. Like wedges driven in one after the other, the floes pressed upon her keel, until nipped beyond all her timbers could endure, she went down, a shapeless wreck.

The officers and crew, fourteen persons in all, escaped. They were twenty miles from land. Provisions, cordage, and stores, had been previously taken out of the ship. It was the last of October. On the huge floe they made themselves a home. There they built a house with planks and sails; enclosed it with blocks of ice and snow; stacked around it their barrels of provisions; heated it by a huge fireplace; contrived to ignite the blocks of coal that had been saved; made of mattresses and blankets, buffalo-ropes and skins, a common sleeping-place; organized themselves into regular watches; formed a compact

that no one of their number could break without consent of the whole; and so passed the winter, trusting to the southerly drift on which the Arctic ice is slowly borne. No discipline was ever more severe than that to which these fourteen men voluntarily agreed. They formed a community more perfect than Lebanon or Oneida. The word of command from the head became law to all. Even the bears and foxes that visited them were not molested without previous concurrence.

At the end of December observations taken four times daily showed that they had drifted more than five degrees. They had been nipped at 73° 6'; they had been carried down to 68°; a distance, in virtual midwinter, on a solid area of ice, without perceptible motion, of more than three hundred miles.

About the middle of April, in storm and mist, greatly to the surprise of all the party, the floe began to break up. Loud noises, sometimes resembling thunder, sometimes successive and sharp as volleys of musketry, were heard all around them. Hummocks were observed to settle. Fissures like Alpine *crevasses* were observed. Motion became apparent. The area around, which in October had comprised many square miles, was reduced to rods. Their house was destroyed, and, taking to their boats, illy clad and short of provisions—so suddenly at last had they fled from their insecure shelter—they awaited for five days and nights the final destruction of the floe. The southerly drift continued, and the voyagers were swept along with it. On the 7th of May the observations taken showed them to be at 61° 12'; Cape Farewell could not be far distant; steering out therefore into the dangerous sea, with leaky boats, scant cordage, and one unshipped rudder, with half rations and brackish water, they battled their way through and over the ice to the shore. On the 13th of June, they entered a bay and found themselves at the Friedrichsthal Mission Station, where their weary and perilous voyage came to an end. From the mission the adventurers went on to Julianashaab, where they found passage to Copenhagen, and landed in that port September 1st.

There are novel points about this expedition which will be studied with interest by those who are contemplating as well as those engaged in fitting out another Arctic expedition. The time and distance of the drift are, it is believed, the greatest on record. Much has probably not been gained for geography by either of the voyages. But the observations made by the scientific men on board both vessels—the meteorological data collected—and the narrative of perils encountered by the heroic little band of the Hansa, every individual of which (to the amazement of the Esquimaux that any one survived such a weary drift upon a field of ice), arrived safely home, will add an interesting volume to Arctic-voyage literature.

N. S. DODGE.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, member of the French Academy, senator, the accomplished scholar, the elegant and witty writer, whose productions have charmed the lovers of French literature for the last forty-five years, recently died in his villa at Cannes, on the shores of the Mediterranean, after a lingering illness of several years, at the age of sixty-seven, leaving a blank behind him which few of his contemporaries are qualified to fill.

Having studied for the law, he was received by the faculty as an advocate, but never exercised his forensic capabilities—the fields of literature, over which he delighted to roam at will, proving too great an attraction for his talents and genius.

After the Revolution of 1830, the Count of Argout, then minister, selected him as secretary for his cabinet, and afterward appointed him secretary of the Board of Trade, and head-clerk of the Admiralty-office. In 1831 he succeeded M. Vitet as the inspector of the ancient historical monuments of France, a post which he retained until the time of his death, and in which he acquired his reputation as a distinguished antiquarian and archeologist. In 1848 the provisional government selected him as one of the commissioners charged to take the inventory of the possessions belonging to the Orleans family. Some time afterward, when the tribunals gave judgment against M. Libri for adhering to the Orleans interest, the fidelity of M. Mérimée to the same cause led him to recriminate against the decision of the judges in two letters inserted in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for which he was fined and imprisoned for fifteen days. In 1844 he succeeded

M. Charles Nodier in the French Academy; in 1853 he was nominated senator and free member of the Academy of Inscriptions; in 1860 he was made commander and in 1866 grand-officer of the Legion of Honor.

The wide range of M. Prosper Mérimée's attainments enabled him to obtain distinction in the domains of archaeology, history, and romance. At the outset of his literary career he gained celebrity by his two apocryphal works, by imaginary authors—"The Theatre of Clara Gazul, a Spanish Comédienne" (1825), and "Guzla," a collection of Illyrian songs, attributed by him to Hyacinthus Maglanowich. "The Theatre of Clara Gazul," one of the most perfect examples of literary mystification, precipitated the romantic revolution in France, and, according to the expression of a well-known critic of the time, M. Mérimée was the Mazeppa of an army of which Victor Hugo was the Charles XII. He published afterward, anonymously, the "Jacquarie" (1828), depicting feudal scenes, followed by "The Carvajal Family" and the "Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX." (1829.) After this date he ventured to attach his signature to his literary productions, of which the following are the principal: "Tamango," "The Capture of the Redoubt," "Venus of Ille," "Souls in Purgatory," "The Vision of Charles XI.," "The Plague of Toledo," "The Game of Trictrac," "The Etruscan Vase," "The Double Mistake," "Arsène Guillot," "Matteo Falcone," "Colomba." These charming stories were published between 1830 and 1840, in the *Revue de Paris* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and afterward collected in volumes. "Carmen" (1847), "Episode of the History of Russia" (1852), "The Two Heritages" (1853), "The Inspector-General" (1853), "Outset of an Adventure" (1853), are little novels, full of life and interest, and distinguished for their sobriety of style and elegance of language.

His archaeological works are the following: "Travels in the South of France" (1835), "Travels in the West of France" (1836), "Travels in Auvergne and Limousin" (1838), "Travels in Corsica" (1840), "Historical Monuments" (1843), "Paintings of the Church Saint-Savin" (1844), in which the wonders of Nature, the marvels of art, and the relics of history, are presented to the reader in the most attractive forms, which seldom fail to excite his interest and sympathy.

His miscellaneous works are: "Notice on the Life and Works of Michael Cervantes" (1828); "Essay on Social War" (1841); "History of Don Pedro I., King of Castile" (1843); "The False Demetrius" (1854); "Historical and Literary Fragments" (1855); "Introduction to the Stories and Poems of Modern Greece de Marino Vreto" (1855); and numerous articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Salon* of 1839, the *Archæological Review*, *Revue Contemporaine*, *Plutarque Français*, the *Globe*, *Constitutionnel*, *Moniteur*, *History of the Villas de France*, etc., equally distinguished for their sparkling wit, graceful humor, elegance of language, breadth of views, and soundness of judgment.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DIVISIONS OF TIME.

IT is not generally known that, a little more than a century ago, New-Year's was celebrated on the 25th of March throughout the British dominions, including America.

The following enactments, adopted by Parliament, entitled "An Act regulating the Commencement of the Year, and for correcting the Calendar in use," were passed in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George II.:

PREAMBLE.—Whereas, the legal supputation of the year of our Lord—according to which the year beginneth on the 25th day of March—hath been found by experience to be attended with divers inconveniences," etc.

Enactments.—That throughout his majesty's dominions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, the said supputation, according to which the year of our Lord beginneth on the 25th day of March, shall not be made use of from and after the last day of December, 1751; and that the first day of January next following the said last day of December shall be reckoned, taken, deemed, and accounted, to be the first day of our Lord, 1752, and so on from time to time. The first day of January in every year which shall happen in time to come shall be deemed and reckoned the first day of the year," etc.

The act further corrects the calendar thus:

"And that the natural day next immediately following the 2d day of September shall be called and accounted to be the 14th day of September, omitting for that time only the eleven intermediate nominal days of the common calendar."

We believe that in the State of Rhode Island to this day all farm and other leases date from the day of the ancient New Year, namely, the 25th of March.

The ancient divisions of the day differed widely from the customs of our own time.

The Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians, and Indians, began the day at sunrise, and divided the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the division into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide the interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The clock, invented by Ctesibius of Alexandria, B. C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and the setting sun the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours the civil day. They began and ended their civil day at midnight, and took this practice from their ancient laws, and customs, and rites of religion, in use long before they had any idea of the divisions into hours.

The first sun-dial seen at Rome was brought from Catania, in Sicily, in the first Punic War, as part of the spoils of that city; and, after this period, they divided the day into twenty-four hours. An officer, called *accensus*, at one time proclaimed the hours, and at the bench of justice announced every three hours the time of day.

In the Turkish empire time is reckoned by certain portions of the natural day, resembling the "watches" of the ancient Jews and Romans. Public clocks not being in use, these divisions of time are proclaimed from the minarets.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M. P., F. R. S.

THE examples of men engaged in regular mercantile business, who give their surplus time and thought to any serious subject with a view of contributing to its original elucidation, or of in any way promoting the real intellectual interests of the community, are so rare, that, when one appears, he is looked upon with astonishment. The common excuse for this is, that business labors are so exhausting that no surplus power is left for solid or systematic mental work in the hours of release from office-duty. But a great deal more is made of this than the facts will warrant. The anxieties of an insecure business may harass the feelings, but the current talk about using up the intellect in commercial transactions is simply nonsensical. The mental effort here required is generally of the lowest and simplest kind—mere automatic, mechanical routine, with hardly enough of real mental excitement to keep the mind from lapsing into stupidity. That the health of business-men often gives way, is true; but it is generally more due to inaction, bad eating, and bad breathing, than to excessive brain-work.

It is pitiable to see a man of good capacity narrowing down his mental action to petty counting-room details, and then offering the need of recreation to an overtasked intellect as an excuse for wasting all the rest of his time in the empty frivolities of sensational literature, pleasures, and social gossip. For farmers and mechanics, who labor regularly with their hands, and in whom muscular exertion draws powerfully upon nervous vitality, there is more excuse for mental inaction; but for the neglect of serious mental work, on the part of men of business, there is no such apology. No doubt, our vicious, classical education, which fails to enforce the duty of mental preparation for useful substantial ends, and makes mental pleasure the end of culture, is largely responsible for this result; but it is none the less deplorable on that account. Let us see what example has been set to us by an English man of business, now but thirty-six years of age, who had every temptation to an empty and aimless life which affluence and high social position can create.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK was born at Eaton Square, London, in 1834. He is the eldest son of Sir John William Lubbock, the third baronet of that name, and who won a distinguished reputation as a mathematician and astronomer. He wrote on the "Lunar Theory," on the "Perturbations of the Planets," and "Researches on the Tides." Among his numerous scientific productions was a little work on

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"Probabilities," which anticipated by many years the now well-known work of Quetelet. It was published anonymously, and long ascribed to Mr. De Morgan.

The subject of our sketch was sent at an early age to Eton, and in 1848, when but fourteen years old, he entered the well-known banking-house in Lombard Street, of which his father was then the leading partner, and in which, during the last two-and-twenty years, he has been an indefatigable worker.

Young Lubbock early developed a fondness for natural history, devoting himself specially to entomology and the study of the structures and changes of the invertebrate animals. His patient, persevering, and careful researches and discoveries in this field, and his admirable descriptions of his observations, have achieved for him an enviable reputation in the foremost rank of scientific biologists.

But it is in the department of archaeology, or the investigation of the most ancient vestiges and remains of man, that Sir John Lubbock has most distinguished himself. His preparation for this field of inquiry was specially fortunate. In the pursuit of ethnology, the advantage of a thorough and direct acquaintance with biological principles, and the benefits of a methodical training in practical scientific investigations, can hardly be over-estimated. Thus qualified, Sir John Lubbock has devoted himself to the study of primal man, by original researches through the whole range of the investigation. In those elucidations he has not only drawn upon all available sources

of information, but he has himself examined the gravel-pits, from Amiens to the sea, in search of all the signs and tokens of prehistoric humanity; he has explored the bone-caves of the Dordogne, the peat-bogs and shell-mounds of Denmark, the lake-habitations of Switzerland, and countless museums, public and private, which are scattered all over Europe. The results of all these laborious inquiries he has given to the world in his splendid volume, entitled "Prehistoric Times," of which a new and revised edition will soon be offered to the American public by D. Appleton & Co.

Sir John Lubbock has published numerous original memoirs, of a scientific character, in the "Transactions of the Royal Society," of the Ethnological and Linnæan Societies, and in the *Scientific Review*. His last important work, however, is "The Origin of Civilization; or, the Primitive Condition of Man," which has just been reprinted in this

country. How the work is appreciated is shown by the fact that the first edition disappeared in a few days after its issue. Of the character of this volume the London *Athenæum* speaks as follows:

"Such is the summing-up of a work which is most comprehensive in its aim, and most admirable in its execution. The patience and judgment bestowed on the book are everywhere apparent; the mere list of authorities quoted give evidence of wide and impartial reading. The work, indeed, is not only a valuable one, on account of the opinions which it expresses, but it is also most serviceable as a book of reference. It offers an able and exhaustive table of a vast array of facts which no single student could well obtain for himself, and it has not been made the vehicle for any special pleading on the part of the author."

Sir John Lubbock belongs to the school of Darwin, and holds to the hypothesis of development as applied not only to the inferior world of life, but also to man. He believes that the law of humanity is not degeneracy, but progress; not the falling away from a primitive state of perfection, but the gradual amelioration and advance toward a higher and a better condition. His writings upon this subject are pervaded by an elevated and hopeful spirit, of which the following passage, from "Prehistoric Times," may serve as an illustration:

"It will, I think, be admitted that, of the evils under which we suffer, nearly all may be attributed to ignorance or sin. That ignorance will be diminished by the progress of science is, of course, self-evident; that the same will be the case with sin, seems little less so.

Thus, then, both theory and experience point to the same conclusion. The future happiness of our race, which poets hardly ventured to hope for, science boldly predicts. Utopia, which we have long looked upon as synonymous with an evident impossibility—which we have ungratefully regarded as 'too good to be true'—turns out, on the contrary, to be the necessary consequences of natural laws; and once more we find that the simple truth exceeds the most brilliant flights of the imagination. Even in our own time we may hope to see some improvement; but the unselfish mind will find its highest gratification in the belief that, whatever may be the case with ourselves, our descendants will understand many things which are hidden from us now, will better appreciate the beautiful world in which we live, avoid much of the suffering to which we are subject, enjoy many blessings of which we are not yet worthy, and escape many of those temptations which we deplore but cannot wholly resist. . . . It may be said that our present sufferings and sorrows arise principally from sin, and that any moral improvement



SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

must be due to religion and not to science. This separation of the two mighty agents of improvement is the great misfortune of humanity, and has done more than any thing else to retard the progress of civilization. . . . Fully satisfied that religion and science cannot be at variance, I have striven in the present publication to follow out the rule laid down by the Bishop of London (now Archbishop of Canterbury) in his excellent lecture delivered last year (1864) at Edinburgh. 'The man of science,' says Dr. Tait, 'ought to go on honestly, patiently, diffidently, observing and storing up his observations, and carrying his reasonings unflinchingly to their legitimate conclusions, convinced that it would be treason to the majesty at once of science and of religion if he sought to help either by swerving ever so little from the straight rule of truth.'"

Well, is this earnest devotion of thought to the later and larger questions of science incompatible with the duties and cares of business? Far from it. Sir John Lubbock is as successful a man in his bank as in his library. But it is because his training has not been uncongenial with his business. We have yet to learn the vast advantage of a true scientific education as a preparation for practical life. The man of business has to deal with facts, with operations which are governed by laws, otherwise it would be impossible for him to reason from past experience to a future policy. But it is the one great business of science to deal with fact and law, and of scientific education to train the mind to this method of thought. We are, therefore, not surprised to learn, not only that Sir John Lubbock manages his own financial affairs successfully, but that he has introduced comprehensive measures of improvement in the English banking system. In 1865 he published a valuable paper in the "Journal of the Statistical Society," solving two questions to the great importance of which Mr. Babbage had called attention. The first of these had reference to the proportion of the transactions of bankers which passed through the clearing-house to that which did not. Taking an amount of one hundred and fifteen million dollars which passed through the hands of his own banking firm during the last few days of 1864, Sir John analyzed the respective items of clearing-checks, bills, bank-notes, and coin, and found that out of each million more than seven hundred thousand dollars passed through the clearing-house. It was to facilitate this large element of monetary transactions that Sir John Lubbock worked out, and by indefatigable exertions succeeded in carrying into effect, the plan known as "the country clearing," by which great public benefit was secured. The fact that Sir John Lubbock is the chairman of the Association of Bankers, and that he was selected by government to serve on the commission appointed to consider the question of an international coinage, shows what value is attached to his judgment in the monetary world.

Sir John Lubbock is magistrate for the county of Kent, president of the Entomological Society, and vice-president of the Linnean and Ethnological Societies. He has also been appointed by government a member of the Public Schools Commission and of the Royal Commission for the Advancement of Science.

In 1868 he was nominated as a candidate for Parliament from the University of London, backed by a committee consisting of such men as Huxley, Babbage, Tyndall, Airy, Lyell, Darwin, Max Müller, and others. He was beaten; but, in 1870, he was the successful candidate of the Liberal party from Maidstone. He was married, in 1856, to Ellen Frances, only child of the Rev. Peter Harndern, of Lancashire. He succeeded his father to the baronetcy in 1865.

SIEGES OF PARIS.

WHEN Caesar came first to Gaul, Lutetia, or Paris, had no walls, and was merely a cluster of poor huts, defended by a river that wound its way between forest and marsh. In the great insurrection, when the wild Gauls refused any longer to contribute cavalry to the Roman armies, Caesar, before his defeat in Auvergne and his retreat to Champagne, sent Labienus, his lieutenant, to attack the Parisians. The barbarians on his approach burned their fortresses, destroyed their bridges, forsook their woods, and encamped to the north of the town. In the battle that ensued the Gauls were routed, and their chieftain, Camulogene, slain. In 356 Julian the Apostate cleared Paris and its environs of the hordes of German barbarians who had overrun it for five years, gave the town a municipality, and built the Palais des Thermes (now the Hôtel Cluny). The Roman camp then stood on part of what is now the garden of the Luxembourg.

Lutetia—the favorite city of Julian the Apostate, the pleasant capital of Roman Gaul—was much tormented by those rapacious Danes, who, in the ninth century, came down in hungry swarms from their Northern pine-forests upon the unhappy countries of their choice. In 842, fresh from burning Nantes and spoiling the Saracens of Spain, the Danes rushed on Paris. The river was wider then, and there were but two bridges to the city island, and probably only one gate. The Palais des Thermes was still a noble structure, the great monasteries of St-Germain l'Auxerrois, St-Germain des Près, Ste-Geneviève, and St-Victor, were castellated fortresses, used as strongholds in such hours of need. On the approach of Regner Lodbrok and his horde, Charles the Bald concentrated his army at St-Denis, before the abbey (St-Germain des Près), and opposite to an island of the Seine. The Danes did not attack, but spread over the country, burning and ravaging. The frightened inhabitants abandoned Paris, and on Easter Eve the Danes entered it. The monks had fled with their shrines' relics, the citizens had borne away or hidden their valuables, so the Danes carried off only the iron gates and the roof-beams of St-Germain, to show as trophies to King Eric of Denmark, and, when the too free use of wine brought on dysentery in their army, they consented to depart on Charles the Bald paying them the enormous subsidy of seven thousand pounds of silver, a sum equal, say the Academicians, to five hundred and twenty thousand livres.

In 857 these pirates were again on the Seine. The monasteries, heretofore sacked, were now destroyed. St-Denis was burned, and a heavy ransom demanded for the abbot, Charlemagne's grandson. Notre-Dame (then St-Etienne) and St-Germain des Près alone escaped. The savages also broke open the tombs of the Merovingian kings, and scattered the bones of Clovis. Even till the era of Louis XIII., a clause was retained in the Ste-Geneviève Litany, "From the fury of the Norsemen, good Lord deliver us."

These sea-robbers came again in 885. Rollo had then reoccupied Rouen, and advanced on Paris; Sigfried leading their host of forty thousand men in boats and barges that covered the Seine for two leagues. The city was now fortified, a painted bridge stopped their vessels, and the Grand Chatelet was defended by Eudes, son of the Count of Paris. This is the defence that Ariosto has immortalized in his gay and chivalrous verse. A treaty refused, on Ste-Catherine's Day the Danes fell to it, trying to storm the Grand Chatelet, and wounding Bishop Gauzelaine. The siege lingered on for four years, but the Danes made no great way. One spring the Seine swelled, carried off several piers of the Petit Pont, and opened a way to the Danish vessels, but Bishop Gauzelaine instantly repaired the bridge, and manned an adjoining tower with twelve brave citizens of the merchant forces. The Danes tried to burn the painted bridge with fire-ships, but the bishop sunk them; the tower, however, they burned, and butchered the defenders, who surrendered. Bishop Gauzelaine dying of vexation, the emperor sent a grand army to raise the siege, but the Danes caught the leader, Count Henry, in a pitfall outside their camp, and killed him. Eventually Charles came and gave them a subsidy of fourteen hundred silver marks and Burgundy, which had recently revolted from him. Sigfried was soon after killed in a foray in Holland. The Parisians refusing to allow the Danes to ascend the Seine, the Northmen dragged their vessels round overland; and about fifty years since, says Sir F. Palgrave, a curious Danish boat, hollowed out of a single piece of timber, that had been swallowed up by the silt, was dug up near the Champ de Mars. The Danes lingered for a year or two round Paris, till every stiver of the black-mail was paid.

Paris had then some little rest, nearly a century's repose, till 978, in fact, when the Emperor Otho attacked Lothaire, one of the last of the Carlovingian race, with sixty thousand steadfast Germans. The French refused to fight, all except one knight, who slew a German ritter who rode up in defiance to the Chatelet gate. Enraged at this reticence, Otho ascended the heights of Montmartre, and there sang exulting hallelujahs over the city, having first ridden to the Chatelet, and contemptuously stuck his lance into the door.

The great wars between France and England in the reign of Edward III. originated in Edward's claim to the French throne on the death of Charles IV. Philip of Valois derived his title by being cousin-german to the deceased monarch, while Edward claimed it as nephew of Charles, ignoring the Salic law, which forbade women to ascend the throne, and which debarred his mother, a sister of Charles, from any right. Edward also espousing the cause of a fugitive Count

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of Artois, and of Artevelt, the rebel brewer of Ghent, an enemy of France, furnished fresh causes of quarrel where none were needed. As a climax to these sources of hatred, King Edward added this also, that the Emperor Louis, at a diet at Coblenz, put Philip under the ban, and appointed Edward vicar for all lands held by France on the left bank of the Rhine. Chivalrous Sir Walter Manny broke the first spear by attacking Montaigne; the French retaliated by landing at Southampton and pillaging the town. About St. John the Baptist's Day, 1346, says Froissart, King Edward, leaving his brave wife in the care of her cousin, the Earl of Kent, embarked with his men-at-arms and archers at Southampton. The English were to have landed in Gascony, but afterward decided on Normandy, as being fuller of rich towns and handsome castles. The army landed at La Hogue, and took Caen, sacking the place, and obtaining great plunder of rich robes, jewels, and gold-and-silver plate. The English then took Louviers and burned Gisors, Mantes, and Meulan, and pushed forward to Poissy, only seven leagues from Paris. The bridge here being broken down, the patient army remained five days while it was repairing, the knights in the mean time solacing themselves by burning St.-Germain-en-Laye, five leagues from Paris, St.-Cloud, Boulogne (Bois de), and Boissy la Reine. "The Parisians," says the chronicler, "were much alarmed, for Paris at that time was not enclosed." Still the invaders hesitated about marching on, and King Philip, beginning to stir, pulled down all the pent-houses in the city, and went to St.-Denis to meet the King of Bohemia, Lord John of Hainault, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl of Blois, and others of his allies and vassals—barons, knights, and lords. The Parisians, hearing he was leaving the city, came and fell on their knees, and said, in the simple-hearted language of those times:

"Ah, sire and noble king, what are you about to do? To leave your fine city of Paris? Our enemies are only two leagues off. As soon as they know you have quitted us, they will come directly, and we are not able to resist them ourselves, nor shall we find any to defend us. Have the kindness, therefore, sire, to remain in your good city of Paris and take care of us."

The king replied: "My good people, do not be afraid; the English will not approach you nearer than they have done. I am going to St.-Denis to my army, for I am impatient to pursue these English, and am resolute to fight without delay."

Soon after this came the English march into Picardy and the great victory at Crécy, where the English heralds counted among the French dead eighty banners, eleven princes, twelve hundred knights, and thirty thousand common soldiers.

In 1357 Paris was enclosed for the first time. The Provost of Paris fortified it with walls and a ditch—employing three hundred masons for a whole year. And the time soon came to test the new walls. The Duke of Normandy, Regent of France, collecting three hundred lances, besieged Paris, on the side of the Faubourg of St.-Anthony, his headquarters being at Charenton and St.-Maur. He held both the Marne and the Seine, allowing nothing to enter the city, and burned all the suburban villages. The city was defended by the King of Navarre, the Provost of Merchants, and some Navarrese English archers. Peace was at last proclaimed, but the provost still intrigued for the King of Navarre, who remained at St.-Denis, and allowed his English soldiers to brawl and riot in the city, where sixty of them were killed in one fray alone. The Parisians arming to retaliate, the English were set upon as they were returning by the gate of St.-Honoré, and six hundred of them slain. The provost at last planning to let in the English to sack the city and kill all the regent's adherents, some citizens set upon him on the steps of the fort of St.-Anthony, struck him down with a battle-axe, killed six of his fellow-conspirators, and brought the Duke of Normandy in triumph from Charenton to the Louvre.

In 1359 Paris was again besieged by the English, who had sailed from Dover two days before the feast of All Saints with cries of "God and St. George!" Marching through Picardy and Rheims, they in due course arrived at Montlhéry (seven leagues from Paris), and thence sent to Paris heralds to offer battle to the regent, who, however, refused to come outside the walls at a disadvantage. It was at this time that the good knight Sir Walter Manny, eager for lance-breaking, requested the king to let him venture with some new-made knights as far as the barriers of Paris. The son of Sir Nicholas Dambreticourt, a squire of the body, the king had wished to be of the party, but, as the chronicler sarcastically perhaps mentions, the young man excused himself

by saying he could not find his helmet. In these skirmishes many hard blows were exchanged, which ended by a French knight being captured by a stratagem, before the English retreated. An eye-witness says: "No living being to be seen from the Seine to Etampes; all have sought refuge in the three faubourgs of St.-Germain, St.-Marcel, and Notre Dame des Champs. Montlhéry and Longjumeau are on fire—all round we see the smoke of burning villages rising to heaven. On Easter-day I saw the priests of ten communes officiate at the Carmelites, the next day orders came to burn down the three faubourgs. Some wept, others laughed. Near Chanteloup twelve thousand persons, men, women, and children, threw themselves into a church, which was burnt by the English, and not three hundred escaped." "I learned," says the eye-witness, "this lamentable event from a man who had escaped through our Lord's will, and who thanked God for it." Paris was in great distress, for Burgundy sent up no more fire-wood, and fruit-trees had to be used for fuel. The English king at last drew off his forces toward the Loire, promising to return to Paris at the vintage. In May, 1361, he made peace on receiving Aquitaine, and a ransom for King John, of three million gold crowns, six hundred thousand to be paid before he left Calais. Paris went frantic with joy at this treaty that saved them, and even presented the English ambassadors with some thorns from the real crown at the Sainte Chapelle. "All rejoice," says the chronicler, "but the armorers. The levied towns and provinces were alone miserable, the Rochelle people saying they would rather pay half their incomes; and adding, 'we may submit to the English with our lips, but with our hearts—never.'"

In those cruel wars which devastated France in the reign of Charles VII., when Burgundians and Armagnacs were more dreaded in Paris than even the English, Joan of Arc, after saving Orleans, making the redoubtable Talbot prisoner, and crowning Charles king of France at Rheims, experienced her first reverse at Paris. Against her wish (for poor Joan after the coronation had fallen at the king's knees and begged him to let her go back to her father and mother, to once more guard their sheep and tend their cattle), the Pucelle led the French troops in August, 1430, to wrest Paris from the English by a *coup de main*. Her angelic voices had warned her to go no farther than St.-Denis. At the first attack she carried an outpost by a rush. She crossed the first fosse, and even the mound that separated it from the second. Finding the second fosse full of water, amid a storm of arrows she called for fascines and began sounding the water with her lance. Just then, as she stood there conspicuous, an English arrow pierced her thigh; she strove to resist the pain and to urge the troops to the assault, but, faint with loss of blood, she at last sought the shelter of the first fosse, and late at night was persuaded to return to the camp. But fifteen hundred were killed or wounded in this attack, and the army accused La Pucelle of imprudence, and believed her justly punished for her impiety in giving the assault on the anniversary of the nativity of Our Lady. Soon afterward the brave girl was stricken from her horse at the siege of Compiègne, sold to John of Luxembourg, and cruelly burnt alive. It was not till April, 1436, that the brave Breton Constable of France, Count de Richemont, and the gallant Dunois, immortalized by both Shakespeare and Schiller, took Paris from the English, and put the garrison of rough invaders to the sword.

Another lull till 1465, when the proud and warlike Count of Charolois, afterward Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, whom Sir Walter has sketched in such a masterly way in "Quentin Durward" and "Anne of Geierstein," invested Paris, in order to bring his deadly and wily enemy, Louis XI., to terms. Commynes, who was with the duke, computes his army of German cross-bow men, Neapolitan horse-men, and Swiss halberdiers, at one hundred thousand men. They routed a handful of French archers at Charenton, and, passing over the bridge there, encamped at Confans, beside the river, enclosing their army with wagons and artillery. While the scared citizens were still hesitating about an armistice, the subtle king slipped into Paris with two thousand men-at-arms and half the nobility and volunteers of Normandy, and lent new vigor to the sallies on the Burgundian foragers. The enemy not having blocked the three rivers, Marne, Yonne, and the Seine, provisions were plentiful in Paris. "In a word," says Commynes, "Paris is surrounded by the finest and most plentiful country I ever yet beheld, and it is almost incredible what vast quantities of provisions are brought to it." The Parisians made frequent sallies, and in many a warm skirmish drove

back the Burgundian outposts of fifty lancers at Bercy. The ladies of Paris, being spectators, roused the chivalry of the twenty-five hundred men-at-arms who helped to defend the city. One day, particularly, four thousand of the king's Franc archers (young Quentin Durward was perhaps among them, and certainly grim old Balafre) came to Charenton, threw up a barricade, dug a trench, and began to cannonade the Duke of Calabria's quarters on the opposite side of the river, even killing a trumpeter who was bringing up a dish of meat to the Count de Charolois. The Burgundians instantly mounted their cannon (all but their cumbersome bombards) along the river wall, and gave tongue, having either sheltered themselves in a convenient stone quarry, or dug pits before their tents. During this temporary success, half Paris came out to have a safe peep at the enemy. The Burgundians then made a bridge of planks laid on barges, broad enough for three men abreast, and at daybreak passed over; but on a sudden the men in the trenches shouted, "Farewell, neighbors, farewell," and, setting fire to their tents, drew off in a huge cluster toward Paris. The king, says Commynes, did not dare attack in force, being suspicious of some of his officers, having indeed one night found the gate of the Bastille (of St.-Antoine) toward the fields left open. At the grandest sally there were to be three attacks; one a general sortie, the second at the bridge of Charenton, the third with a brigade of two hundred men-at-arms from the wood at Vincennes. At daybreak, when the attack opened, the Burgundian army sprang in a moment to arms, and a hot cannonade began on both sides, though the walls of Paris were a good two leagues off; the count's scouts in the mist mistook a field of tall thistles for the king's lancers advancing in force, much to the amusement of the rear-guard. Peace was soon after proclaimed; Louis, for two hundred thousand golden crowns, giving up to the duke Amiens, Abbeville, and other fortresses on the Somme. The Burgundians were, however, again shaking their lances at Paris in 1465; they attempted to surprise the gate of St. Denis, but, being repulsed at the barriers, they cannonaded the town; and during this attack, says Jean of Troyes—the supposed author of the "*Chronique Scandaleuse*"—a cowardly rascal of a bailiff frightened the citizens almost into fits by running up and down, shouting at the top of his voice, "Get into your houses, O Parisians, for the Burgundians have entered the town!" Louis, arriving just as the count had stormed St.-Cloud, fell on the Burgundians at Mont Chery, defeated their vanguard, and captured their baggage. The Bretons and Burgundians, during this siege, cut down ruthlessly all the vines at Clignancourt, Montmartre, and St.-Courtille, and made wine of the green grapes; and the Parisians, to save the fruit, did the same to all the other vineyards. During this danger the citizens of Paris barricaded their streets with chains, as the Provost Marcel had first done during the Armagnac and Burgundian troubles of 1356; great bonfires were burnt nightly in every ward, and watch was kept all night at the Hôtel de Ville. Louis XI. again temporarily bought off his enemies by concessions of money and territory, and so the war ended. According to Dulaure's calculation, there were at this time only about one hundred and fifty thousand souls in Paris.

After Henry IV. had stricken down the insolent Spaniards and the fanatic Leaguers at Ivry, he invested Paris. Choosing a dark night, he told off twenty divisions, to carry at the same time the suburbs of St.-Antoine, St.-Martin, St.-Denis, Montmartre, St.-Honoré, St.-Germain, St.-Michael, St.-Agnes, St.-Marceau, and St.-Victoire, in order to cut off all supplies from Paris. "I wish for peace," said the king; "for a battle I would lose one finger; for a general peace, two. I love my city of Paris: she is my eldest daughter. I am jealous of her. I am desirous of doing her service, and would grant her more favors than she demands of me; but I will not be compelled to grant them by the Duke of Mayence or the King of Spain." Henry, attended by his wise favorite Sully, who had been severely wounded at Ivry, and by his secretaries and physician, sat at one of the windows of the Abbey of Montmartre, and watched the two hours' cannonade, and the flames that sprang up with horrible rapidity in a hundred different directions. The Duke de Nemours, who defended Paris, defended it well, nevertheless. Thirty thousand poor wretches died of hunger in the space of a month; mothers fed upon the flesh of their children, and, by the advice of the philosophic or fanatical Spanish ambassador, the citizens even dug up dead bodies, and pounded the bones into a kind of horrible dough, which generally caused the death of its consumers. The half-starved people fought with fury; even the Capuchin and Carthusian monks put on armor over their frocks, and fought be-

side the citizens. Sully, however, says the city could never have held out if the king's officers had not allowed provisions to pass in exchange for scarfs, plumes, silk stockings, sashes, gloves, and beavers, that they wanted from within. Eventually, either owing to hopelessness or fear of the cruelty of his Huguenot soldiers, Henry IV. raised the siege, and retired to Challes, a town between Paris and Meaux, where the Duke of Parma (grandson of Charles V.) was encamped, and soon after retired to the castle of Creil, on the Oise.

This was, no doubt, a discomfiture, though Sully colored it over; but in 1594, Henry fairly bought his capital of the League governor, the Count de Brisac, for one million six hundred and ninety five thousand four hundred livres. The royal troops were admitted by the Porte Neuve, at the Quai du Tuileries, which had been banked up, the Porte St.-Honoré, and the Porte St.-Denis. The cannon on the ramparts were at once turned on the city. Soldiers from Corbeil and Melun landed at the Quai de Celestina. Some German soldiers who resiated at the Quai de l'École, were killed and thrown into the Seine. The Leaguers in vain endeavored to save the Temple. The agitators excited the people in the University quarter, but a lame-legged captain, falling down and breaking his wooden leg and musket, covered with an air of ridicule the whole *émeute*. From a window near the Porte St.-Denis, the king himself shouted to the Spanish soldiers as they left the city, "Gentlemen, commend me to your master, but never return here."

But the siege that after all more nearly concerns us, and was attended by events that bear more resemblance to what may soon happen, was that conducted by the allies in March, 1814. A short narrative of this one day's siege will have a special interest to most of our readers at this moment. The allies, eager to revenge the losses of Marengo, Jena, and Smolensko, took an ungenerous but not unnatural advantage of those disasters of Napoleon that had culminated at Beresina and at Leipsic, and crossed the Rhine, mustering with their reserves scarcely less than half a million of men. The emperor, with a genius soaring above all dangers, concentrated eighty thousand men at Chalons, and ordered a levy of two hundred and eighty thousand fresh conscripts, intending to form three camps, one at Bordeaux, a second at Metz, and a third at Lyons.

The grand running fight which the emperor carried on through Champagne ended in his being frequently overpowered by his relentless enemies. Unwilling to be crushed between Blücher's and Schwartzberg's divisions, he at last retreated, hoping to be joined by Suchet's army from Catalonia, and Augereau's regiment from Lyons, and then to hurry back and defeat his enemies under the very walls of Paris. In the mean time, as Marmont and Mortier fell back to the capital, the allies approached the gay city by three routes, Meaux, Lagny, and Soissons. The preparations in Paris for real defence had hitherto been but slight. Napoleon had either never relied on the luxurious and excitable people of the capital, or, what is more likely, had, like his nephew, been afraid to trust them with arms. There were two hundred cannon at Vincennes intended for the heights, but they were not yet mounted. No barricades had been thrown up in the streets near the Octroi wall. Of the thirty thousand National Guards, not more than six thousand had been provided with muskets. The redoubts before the gates were mere "tambours" of palisades, and without moats. The fifty or sixty thousand volunteers with fowling-pieces that could have been mustered had not been called upon. Paris was not yet fortified, and all was excitement, confusion, and distrust, while the actual reliable soldiers did not number more than twenty-five thousand men.

On the 29th of March the allied sovereigns met at the Château of Bondy; and, dreading the tiger-like rush of Napoleon, resolved to at once storm Paris, and by the right bank of the Seine, so as not to have to recross the river if repulsed. There were to be three simultaneous attacks. On the east (the German side), Barclay de Tolly, with fifty thousand men, was to march by Passy and Pantin, and carry the plateau of Romainville; on the south, the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg undertook, with thirty thousand Germans, to break through the wood of Vincennes, and to reach the barriers of Charonne and du Trône; the third attack, on the north (the English side), was to be led by grim old Blücher himself, who was to force his way through Mortier's grenadiers and over the plain of St.-Denis.

On the French side, Marmont took Vincennes, the Barriers du Trône and Charonne, and the plateau of Romainville as far north behind this plateau as Près St.-Gervais; while Mortier defended the plain

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of St.-Denis and the space round the Canal of the Oüreq. The Russians won the first move. Misled by an officer, Marmont was mortified to find the Russians already in possession of Romainville. With twelve hundred men of the Lagrange division, however, he threw himself on their rear-guard, and drove them hotly back on Pantin and Noisy. At the same moment the Ledru des Essarts division swarmed hotly into the wood of Romainville, whose heights border the plain of St.-Denis. Marmont then distributed his troops. The Duke of Padua placed his men on the extreme edge of the plateau of Romainville, in the tallest houses of Bagnolet and Montreuil, where the gardens slope down toward the city. In the centre of the plateau Marmont drew up the Lagrange division, backed by the houses of Belleville, while the Ricard division was in the wood of Romainville on the left, and to the north the division of Ledru des Essarts. At the foot of the plateau, in the plain at Près St.-Gervais, stood the Boyer de Rebeval division, while the Michel division guarded La Grande and La Petite Villette. The cavalry was posted between Charonne and Vincennes. About eight o'clock, Joseph, posted safe like Jupiter in Montmartre, heard the musketry begin to rattle.

The brave Livonian, Barclay de Tolly, vexed at being pushed out of Romainville, called up his reserves to retake it. Paskiewich's grenadiers were to scale the heights on the Rosny side, while Count Pahlen's cavalry attacked on the south from Montreuil. At the same time Prince Eugene of Würtemberg was told off to attack Pantin and Près St.-Gervais to the north, and to contribute to the recovery of the important post of Romainville. The Russian attack prospered. General Meyerzoff, who had been repulsed in the morning, forced back Lagrange, and wrested from him the heights. The Russian brigade also turned the plateau by Montreuil and Bagnolet, and the Duke of Padua, being outflanked, was driven slowly but surely backward. At the same time the Russian cuirassiers, storming along the plateau, charged the French infantry, but were repelled by the drifting fire. At Belleville, too, the narrower plateau gave the French, by concentration, greater strength. The tirailleurs threw themselves for cover behind the houses of Bagnolet, and found shelter in the wood of Romainville. The French batteries, though served for the most part by mere lads from the Polytechnique, kept up a relentless fire that drove the gray-coats backward, at the same time Ledru des Essart's Young Guard won back, tree by tree, the wood of Romainville, and outflanked the Russian force. At the foot of the plateau, the French still held Pantin and Près St.-Gervais, and repelled all efforts of the Prince of Würtemberg to win them back. If the French had now got but eleven thousand more men, their historians say, the allies might have received a severe check; but they had not.

The other attacks were now commencing. Blücher was on the plain of St.-Denis. Langeron had driven through Aubervilliers nearly to the Bois de Boulogne. He then sent his Prussian and Baden guards to help Prince Eugene to carry Pantin and Près St.-Gervais. The Prince Royal of Würtemberg was also moving forward to the south by Neuilly and the forest of Vincennes.

The allied forces were now in line. To the north Prince Eugene, backed by Prussian bayonets, fell fiercely on Pantin and Près St.-Gervais, and tried his best to drive out the Boyer de Rebeval divisions and the Young Guard. Slowly but surely Romainville was won. The Russians, though at first repulsed, at last seized Montreuil and Bagnolet, and took possession of the nearest houses of Menilmontant, and the Duke of Padua was outflanked on the French left. The Ledru des Essart division was beaten from tree to tree out of the wood of Romainville, which they had so lately conquered. Pressed on both flanks and enveloped in fire, Marmont struck a brave blow for life and for victory. Throwing his troops rapidly into four massive battalions formed in column, he rushed like a sword-fish at the Russian centre. Twelve cannons loaded with grape welcomed the fierce assailants, and at the same moment the Russian grenadiers pressed upon his front, while Miloradovitch's heavy cavalry hewed at his flank. The French columns bent, wavered, and retired before these myriads; but a brave fellow, named Ghesseler, breaking with two hundred men from a wood, gave time to Marmont to retreat toward Belleville. The game was all but played, the struggle all but over. Everywhere the French were outweighed and retiring. The wood and plateau were now both lost. The centre stood near Belleville, maimed and enfeebled. The Padua division was at Menilmontant. The Michel and Boyer divisions battled still, but almost hopelessly, for Pantin. In the plain, too, there was tough fighting; La Villette and La Chapelle were both assailed.

General Billiard's cavalry was keeping Blücher's dogged squadrons at bay. It was at this crisis that General Dejean arrived from Napoleon, and cheered on the men for a last rush by the enormous and reckless lie that the emperor was almost in sight, with a force of six hundred thousand men. There was some hope still at Vincennes. A battery, nobly worked by Polytechnique lads, advancing too far from the Barrier du Trône to play on Pahlen's cavalry, got cut off by some German cavalry, and were only saved by their own steadiness and a dash of some national guards and dragoons, who would not leave them to perish. Belleville, the key of the height, still held out; and there Marmont had concentrated his field-artillery and the wrecks of his shattered divisions, sending word to scared Joseph, like an obstinate old soldier that he was, that as yet he saw no reason for surrender.

But the end was now near. Schwartzberg, dreading every moment to see the flash of Napoleon's bayonets on the eastern horizon, ordered a general attack. Five columns (north and south) were to cut off Belleville from Paris. Brigadier Paisch, with eight heavy guns at Menilmontant, four more at Belleville, and eight on the Butte de Chaumont, received them with a mowing fire, but nothing could stop such deluging masses; they were everywhere superior, and Belleville fell. Mortier, afraid of being cut off, then collected all his forces, charged on the Russians, already entering the Temple Faubourg, drove them out, and resumed the defence of the Octroi wall. In the mean time another division, fighting desperately on the plains of St. Denis, was jostled back to the barriers, while Langeron took the now undefended Montmartre, and marched on the Clichy barrier, held bravely by Marshal Moncey. Marmont, unwilling to see the city destroyed in a useless defence, now proposed terms, and surrendered the city to the allies. Thus, with a total loss of sixteen thousand men, fell Paris after one day's hard fighting.

Paris is now far stronger than in 1814; and, instead of a few contemptible redoubts and one hundred guns, has twelve leagues of wall and sixteen citadels. Instead of thirty thousand men, she has at present, by the most trustworthy accounts, sixty thousand soldiers, one hundred thousand Gardes Mobile, one hundred and ninety thousand National Guards, nine thousand volunteer Franc-Tireurs, and ten thousand auxiliaries from the municipal services. The reliable defenders of the city are computed by General Trochu, a cool and determined man, at four hundred and ten thousand armed men, and much may be expected from the rage and despair of such a multitude, even though two-thirds of them are young recruits. Still we do not think that Paris will rival even Sevastopol, much less Troy, Numantia, or Saragossa. Yet there are certainly elements of strength unknown in 1814. The population, then only seven hundred thousand, is now one million six hundred and ninety-six thousand. The whole twenty-two miles of ramparts only require one hundred and fifty thousand men to man them; and, if the total number of guns required, thirty-six hundred and forty (the allies of 1814 only took one hundred), have really been mounted, and the thirty-six entrances hitherto left open have been well fortified—if there is no treason, internal insurrection, or panic—Paris may still make a bloody resistance, and many thousands of Prussians may perish before its bastions, even in the few days of storm that we expect. The rain of fire and iron must soon, we fear, descend upon the fair siren of cities. God grant her days of suffering may be short, and that the sunshine of peace may follow speedily the cruel tempest!

WALTER THORNBURY.

SONNET.

AS some lone hermit of the days of old,
Couched in his cave, through fancy's brief excess,
Might once have dreamed of far-off loveliness,
Sheen of bright eyes, and veils of woven gold,
Thus, from my desolate Thebaid I behold
The flower-like dawn of this, thy wedding-day,
Which keen October turns to maiden May,
Her sweet lips tremulous with a bliss untold;
Thine eyes, O friend, are touched to tender tears,
While winged hopes and blessings fly to place
Aërial garlands on her brow of grace,
Whose love binds up thy bloomless broken years,
Till life made whole, all pure of pain and fears,
Beams in the sunshine of her heavenly face.

TABLE-TALK.

OUR best American artists complain indignantly of the incapacity and impertinence of most of the art-critics who write in the newspapers. They allege that these critics are generally wholly incompetent to judge of the merits or demerits of the works which they praise or condemn with such a lordly air of superiority, and that, with all their skill in the use of words, they have little or no conception of the means employed by the painter, or of the legitimate objects and aims of art. This being the settled opinion of the whole profession, it seems to be clear that there must be foundation for it. The artists themselves are certainly the best judges of works of art, and in their opinion the criticism of the newspapers is contemptible, because ignorant or malicious. At least, so far as we have had an opportunity to observe, this is the unanimous verdict of the studios, which would hardly be the case if the critics were really competent judges. We believe it is only in New York and Boston that art-criticism is written by men who have never practically studied painting or sculpture; and it is only in newspapers that non-professional criticism is dreaded, or has the least effect. All the best French and English art-critics have studied painting as painters, or they have passed the best part of their lives in the society of painters. Hazlitt was for several years a painter, so likewise was Gautier; and Hazlitt, in England, and Gautier, in France, have written the best about painting. We are led to make these remarks by the reception which the newspaper press has given to the fall exhibition of the Academy of Design in this city. A leading journal, for instance, devoted considerable space to a criticism of the exhibition, and yet its critic failed to mention, and probably even to observe, that one of Jules Breton's pictures, the one best known by artists and the least known by the public, was to be seen in the large gallery. It is a picture from which to date a new style in art, and is universally recognized by painters as a natural and delightful work, broad and sunny in effect, bold and firm and fine in style, and admirable in action and color. A peasant-woman walks by the side of a little wagon which holds her child, while her boy tugs it along the road; back of the group the ripened grain ripples against the sky, and, in the distance, the tower of a church makes a gray spot against the light. This is just one of those admirable specimens of the art of painting by the side of which all spoken or written expression seems faint and dull. With such a picture, how can the exhibition be said to be poor? But this is not all that is to be seen there, though it is alone enough to compensate one for an hour spent at the Academy galleries. Whoever may be interested in powerful brush-work, whoever cares for painting, will find much to interest and instruct the eye at the Academy. American art is more or less well represented by Inness, Page, Brevoort, Gay, Coleman, La Farge, Homer, Gray, and Huntington. These names indicate in part the measure and character of the interest of the exhibition. The pic-

tures of May, Bougureau, Wappers, and Reignault, must suggest the best that comes to us from Europe. We find exaggeration and power in the foreign pictures. They are superb as mere pieces of painting; they burst out upon the spectator, and, among the tender flutings of American art, seem like the blare of trumpets expressing tumult and fury. Yes, even at the Academy, that dull and monotonous place according to some, enough bold and fine, if not beautiful art may be seen to awaken a glow of sensibility, and stir the imagination with the expression of Life and Nature. Reignault's superb example of powerful use of the brush, and Bougureau's dramatic group, "Orestes pursued by the Furies," can hardly face an indifferent spectator; the latter picture, we believe, has excited general attention. And naturally enough, for it is horrible and awful in contrast with the mild and undramatic forms affected by American art. It is not a creation; it bears too many traces of the studio-model to win the highest tribute, the tribute it would compel had the subject been presented by a Delacroix. But, as a powerful example of academic art, treated in a naturalistic, and, in some respects, a realistic spirit, it must be accepted as one of the most remarkable pictures ever seen on the Academy walls. It is singularly strong in expression, and, though earthy and materialistic, it is, pictorially speaking, tremendously expressive of the subject. American artists have very little to do with antique subjects, and, owing to the geographical position of most of them, it is well they do not attempt to treat such subjects, although it was the fashion among them to do so a quarter of a century ago. France has paid the best tribute to the myths and legends of the ancient world, and has done the most to revive the Greek and Roman types now sheltered in museums and libraries. It is worth while, however, even for us, in our purely modern life, to think of and see the typical and tragic forms that were as familiar to the ancients as Rip Van Winkle is to us.

— Alexandre Dumas, the famous French author, died at Dieppe, about the middle of December, at the age of sixty-seven. His grandmother was a full-blooded African, and his father a mulatto, born in Hayti, but educated in France, who entered the army and rose to the rank of general. Alexandre began his literary career by writing poetry and plays. Some of his dramas were very successful, and are popular on the stage of every country in the civilized world. He began to write novels in 1835, and has published more than we can remember, his best being "Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," and "Margaret of Valois." The most striking peculiarity in the character of this singular personage was his sublime egotism. Ten years ago, said he: "There are three men who stand at the head of French literature—Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and myself." In this sentence we can only find one thing to wonder at, and that is that he did not put the *moi-même* first. On this occasion the authorities had forbidden the representation of one of Dumas's dramas; but, far from wounding the feelings of the dramatist, the edict only had

the effect of drawing out a witty and presuming letter, which created such a sensation that in the end the injunction was removed, and the play made an immense and astonishing success. To Americans, such gross egotism is not only repugnant, but absurd. Here, in short, self-assertion is self-condemnation. But from the pen of a Frenchman—above all, from the pen of M. Dumas—the expression was in keeping with the French character and the character of the man. The successive schools of literature of France were like those of England. The age of Louis XIV. may be placed side by side with the age of Queen Elizabeth, in the richness of its mine of letters. There naturally followed a decline from so much literary grandeur; for Corneille, Racine, and Molière, had worn out the resources of the time, and left to those who followed them compositions which could only be imitated, not approached. A new era was begun with the Revolution. De Staël and many others sprang up. But, in the language of the author of "Les Misérables," a political revolution must produce a revolution in letters. The end of the Reign of Terror brought to completion the absolute change which began with Madame de Staël. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, Edmond About, and Michelet, headed the school of romance; Béranger, Hugo, and Lamartine, the list of poets; Thiers, Lamartine, Michelet, and others, the roll of historians. Much has been said of Dumas's "Antony." It came out of the Revolution. He was professedly a liberalist in politics, and so did not fail to embody his ideas in his works. Yet the "Catiline," which was brought forth afterward, contrary to expectation, achieved a success greater still. What he anticipated accomplishing in this, and in all the works, in fact, of similar tendency, is shown in the preface to "Caligula." He observes "that antiquity, as it is displayed in the tragedies of Voltaire's school, had fallen into such utter discredit that the sense of weariness with which it affected us had become proverbial. It was nothing at all new that I was about to attempt; it was simply a restoration." At the time much was said of the ingenuity with which Dumas treated the arch-conspirator of the old Roman republic. Full thirty characters were introduced on the stage, by which he intended to typify the leading public men of his own period, and he did not hesitate to acknowledge that the tragedy was altogether a portrait of modern French opinions, principles, and parties. Sylla was Napoleon; Cato and Cicero, conservatives; Caesar, the *éminent* of the day, and partisan double-dealer; Lucullus, the *bourgeois* office-seeker. There were also other appropriate *dramatis personæ*, to represent the Parisian *lorette* and her followers. The character of Catiline was done by M. Méligne, who was, in stage-phrase, at that time "leading man" at the Théâtre Historique. The most successful dramatic works of M. Dumas, since the last thirty years, were "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," in which Mademoiselle Mars, the Déjazet of that period, appeared, undertaking at the age of sixty-five the part of a girl of twenty; the "Mariage sous Louis XV.," the "Démousselles de St.-Cyr," the "Comte Hermann," and "La Conscience."

— In a novel now publishing in a Boston periodical, one of the characters, an American, addressing Americans, speaks as follows: "I can't account for the sparseness of our crop of great intellects. I sometimes fear that our long backwoods life has dwarfed the national brain, or that our climate is not fitted to develop the human plant in perfection. Our painting can't get into European exhibitions. Our sculpture has only done two or three things which have attracted European attention. Our scientific men, with three or four exceptions, confine themselves to rehearsing European discoveries. Our histories are good second class; so are our poems, the best of them. Even in novels—one would think we might do something there; we have a wealth of stirring incidents and curious characters—but what is the result? The American novelist either can't draw a character, or he can't make a plot. In general he is as dull and dry as a school-geography. I don't understand it." These utterances come from one who is described as "well-balanced," and "chilling" his companions by his "rational conversation and sound example." Hence it was not written as the extravagant expressions of a loose talker, but is given as the sound opinion of a dispassionate mind. There is some small show of truth in it, it must be admitted, but its exaggerations and errors would not be worthy of attention were it not for certain significant omissions which may, with good advantage, be pointed out. This "sound" and "rational" depreciator of American genius is utterly silent upon that branch of effort in which our national intellect has attained its greatest triumphs. In jurisprudence American writers have a reputation second to none in the world, and in some branches of this science they have foremost rank. The fame of Story, Kent, Wheaton, and a few others, is very high in Europe; and the whole body of our Commentaries is in nowise inferior to the similar productions of other countries. A little analysis will show that our national intellect is not inferior, but that circumstances have directed it into special channels. With us literature is not yet a regular pursuit. In almost every family young men of marked talent are encouraged to adopt the study of law, for this profession, above all others, offers opportunities for men of ambition and genius. And then our national talent is in this direction. As early as 1775 Edmund Burke pointed out the fondness of the American mind for the study of law; and, from that early period to this, our practitioners as well as our legal writers have exhibited a skill that has made them famous. The rewards of literature or art are precarious, and usually with us almost the last thing a man would educate his son for would be either of these professions. Literature is commonly pursued incidentally to something else. If its emoluments were as great, and its position as fixed and certain, as law or any of the recognized professions, it would be more cultivated, more studied, more systematically pursued, and, of course, with greater results than now. The measure of the intellect of a country is not the measure of what it has accomplished in certain arbitrary directions, but the measure of what it

has wrought in those fields to which the character of its genius tends.

— Engraving on steel in pure line is an art almost passed away. Among the numerous prints gathered in such art-rooms as Goupil's or Schaus's, the visitor can discover only occasionally one that is not at least in part executed in mezzotint, stipple, or by some other rapid or inexpensive method. Landscapes are commonly etched, and this process is suitable and proper for subjects of this character. But figure-subjects, or portraits, have a special value engraved in line. In America, of all the innumerable portraits on steel that are issued from the press, we know of but very few, with the exception of the heads on bank-notes, which are executed in line. Some dozen years ago, the most accomplished of engravers on bank-note heads was Mr. William E. Marshall. Encouraged by the applause with which his efforts in this way were received, he engraved a portrait of Fenimore Cooper, of a size about four times that of the bank-note heads. This was a success. Fired now with ambition, he determined to attempt at once a large head, and the result was that portrait of Washington now known all over the country as "Marshall's Washington," and which has received the approbation of the best critics in the world. These were followed by heads of Lincoln and Grant, both standing acknowledged as not merely the best portraits of these eminent persons, but as works of art of the very highest execution, such as no European burin has excelled. These triumphs have not satisfied Mr. Marshall. He is now devoting all his energies to the execution of a head of Christ, which he hopes to make the acknowledged greatest work in line the century has produced. The size will be large, covering something over five hundred square inches. He has already been two years upon the work, and has given the profoundest attention to the character of the head. To produce a portrait that shall express the gentleness and yet the strength, the ideal purity and yet the human sympathy of the character, so that all men may say, "This is the Christ," has been his enthusiastic purpose. The drawings and sketches for this ambitious work, which we have been permitted to inspect, impress us as giving promise of a great triumph. Mr. Marshall's execution of his work would be sure to be admirable; it was only necessary that the conception of the face should meet with the exacting demands of such a subject. To our minds, this has been done; for, while no doubt a difference of opinion as to many points will be certain to ensue, yet we believe that it is a face coming very near, indeed, to the ideal of Christ, and one which will stir the admiration, freshen the love, and profoundly move the emotions of every one looking upon it.

— A European correspondent of the JOURNAL, a man of scientific note, sent to us, a few weeks ago, some curious citations from the writings of eminent European naturalists on the interesting question of the mixed races of mankind, in which views were expressed differing from those entertained by most American writers on ethnology. These views, however, seem to be formed from theory, and not

from practical observation, and, at any rate, apply only to the tropical regions of Spanish and Portuguese America, to which we should hardly look for the best specimens of the white race. In our own country, those who have had the best opportunities of observation are, with scarcely an exception, decidedly of opinion that the European notions on the subject are erroneous. Such, at least, is the conclusion of a correspondent in Georgia, who has paid particular attention to this question, and who gives, as the result of forty years experience of the Southern mulattoes, the following statement: "In nine cases out of ten the hybrid proved totally unfit for field-work, the females invariably so. They could not stand excess of heat or cold, were liable to headaches and inflammatory diseases in winter, and were exhausted and worn out long before the muscular vigor of the pure African was at all impaired. In fact, to the latter they were constant subjects of ridicule and contempt. It is generally supposed that they were superior to the negro in intellect; but I doubt it. That they furnished any apparent evidence of superiority is owing, I think, to the fact that, from necessity as well as choice, we took them into our families as body and house servants, and thus, from constant contact with persons of intelligence, they were able to exhibit a little superiority over those who did not possess such advantages."

— Dr. John Lord, who for a quarter of a century has enjoyed a very high reputation as an historical lecturer, purposes to give, this winter, a series of twenty-five lectures "On the Men and Women who for the last Five Hundred Years are most identified with the Progress of Society." The series will be given in the mornings at the Association Hall, and are designed for people generally of leisure and culture, but more especially for young ladies, who, having completed their ordinary education, may be desirous of pursuing a course of historical reading. We commend this series of lectures, particulars of which can be learned at Mr. Putnam's book-store, Association Building, to the attention of all ladies and gentlemen of cultivation.

Literary Notes.

WE have a new volume of poems, by Jean Ingelow, entitled "The Monitions of the Unseen, and Poems of Love and Childhood." For sweetness, grace, and delicacy, Jean Ingelow leads all her compeers, and, even if her reaches of philosophy are not the highest, there is in all her teachings the beauty of wisdom and the tenderness of human sympathy. "The Monitions of the Unseen," the leading poem of this volume, is ambitious in purpose; it tells of a curate who, impatient at the little good his earnest efforts seem to avail in his struggle with the wickedness and suffering around him, rebels that—

"God, who loves the world, should yet
Let it lie down in sorrow, when a smile
From Him could make it laugh and sing,"

and is visited by the vision of a child, from whom by various ways he at last learns that he is—

"not bound to make the wrong go right,
But only to discover, and to do
With cheerful heart the work that God appoints."

Of the minor poems in the collection many are admirable, and all have some special grace or felicity. The volume is handsomely issued by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

"School-days at Mount Pleasant," by Ralph Morley, is a book of school life and adventures, similar in design to the famous "Tom Brown at Rugby." Mount Pleasant is a military school at Sing Sing, on the Hudson. The narrative carries the reader among the Highlands, and to many localities famous in song, story, and history. The exploits, the escapes, the mishaps, the adventures, jocular and serious, of the young cadets at Mount Pleasant are agreeable and often spiritedly told. Stories of school-life, if at all well related, have a singular fascination to most readers, and this narrative will recall many experiences, and renew, in imagination, not a few of those boyish delights that to so many of us are now gone forever.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have published a translation of Victor Hugo's "The Destroyer of the Second Republic, being Napoleon the Little," which was first issued in 1852. The work is now timely, and will be read with vivid interest. It is characterized by the author's merits and faults. It is often eloquent, always dramatic and stirring, sometimes a little blasphemous, and, as in all of Hugo's productions, is marred by excessive egotism and not a few absurdities. Many of its predictions, that would have seemed ridiculous six months ago, are now verified by recent events.

"Our Poetical Favorites" is a new collection of some of the best-known minor poems in the English language. There is no attempt at classification, but the poets have been drawn upon freely and without order for their favorite verses. The collection is made by Professor Kendrick, of the Rochester University, who is himself a poet, as well as one of the most accomplished of American scholars.

Miscellany.

Bucketone's March to London.

WE might seek far ere we found a better illustration of the vicissitudes of an actor's life than that supplied in Mr. Bucketone's march to London in search of fame and fortune, a story best told as it was told by his own mouth: "I once walked from Northampton to London, seventy-two miles, on fourpence-halfpenny. I had a companion in the same plight; and, on comparing our pecuniary resources, we discovered ourselves to be masters of the sum of ninepence—fourpence-halfpenny each, according to Cooker. My costume consisted of a threadbare white-blue coat with tarnished metal buttons, secured to the throat, because I wore beneath what we call a 'flowered' waistcoat, made of glazed chints of a very showy pattern, generally adopted when playing country boys and singing comic songs—which at that time was my vocation. I will not attempt to describe my hat; while my trousers must only be delicately alluded to, as they were made of what was originally white duck; but as they had been worn six weeks, and had been much in the fields, there was a refreshing tint of a green and clay color about them, which imparted to that portion of my attire quite an agricultural appearance. I carried a small bundle. I will not describe its entire contents, but may mention that it held a red wig and a pair of russet boots. Under my arm was a portfolio containing sketches from Nature, and some attempts

at love-poetry; while on my feet, to perform this distance of seventy-two miles, I wore a pair of dancing-pumps, tied up at the heels with packthread. Thus equipped, I started with my companion from Northampton, and before breakfast we accomplished fifteen miles. When we sat down to rest ourselves under a hedge by the roadside, we felt very much inclined to partake of the meal in question, but were rather puzzled how to provide it. Presently a cow-boy appeared, driving some lazy, sizzag-going cows, and carrying two large tin cans containing skimmed milk. We purchased the contents of one of the cans for a halfpenny; a cottage was close at hand, where we procured a very nice, though rather stale, half-quarter home-baked loaf for a penny. The cow-boy sat by us on that roadside waiting for his can. The cows seemed to regard us with a sleepy look of mingled pity and indifference; while with the bottom crust of that loaf, and three pints of skimmed milk, I enjoyed the roadside breakfast of that summer morning more than I have enjoyed the banquet of this evening. On the first day, we walked forty miles, for which my pumps and what they covered suffered some. Our bed for the night was in one of those wayside hostleries called lodgings for travellers, for which accommodation we disbursed twopenny. Late in the evening of the next day, we completed the remaining thirty-two miles, and found ourselves at the *Mother Redcap*, Camden Town, with enough in our pockets to procure half a pint of porter."

Bourbon Folly.

At the time of the Emperor Napoleon's exile to the island of Elba, among other small means to which the Bourbon king resorted in order to stay up his tottering throne, was the passage of a stringent law that no picture, statue, statuette, figure, or resemblance of "General Bonaparte," as he was called, should be suffered to remain in any place, public or private, among any residents, native or foreign. Consequently there was a sudden disappearance of every thing of the kind, from the bronze statue on the top of the pillar made from cannon taken at Austerlitz, which statue Louis Philippe had the good sense and discretion to restore, to the mere toy or trinket-case bearing Napoleon's profile upon its outline. Every house was to be visited and examined, to see that the order was strictly obeyed, and all offending articles were to be seized.

Mr. Wilder, an American residing in Paris, owning a particularly fine and correct bronze statuette of the emperor, buried it, with other things of the kind, in his cellar. His turn for inspection by the police came. In walked into his counting-room the officer, with his secretary and other attendants, who said in a pompous and semi-contemptuous tone, "Have you any statue, image, or likeness of any kind, of that man?" "Of what man?" said Mr. Wilder. "You know, sir, very well, who is meant," said the officer, impatiently; "that man—that usurper." "What man? what usurper?" said Mr. Wilder; "I am a stranger here." "Why do you keep me? You know whom I mean; that usurper—that Bonaparte, if you will have it," said the officer. "Have you any likeness or representation of him?" "Certainly I have," said Mr. Wilder; and, turning to a clerk, "Gougan, bring me a bag of Napoleons." Then, pouring them out on the desk before him, "Here they are, sir." The police official stared. At first he could make no answer; but then said, "That money is not what I want. You can keep that." "Go and tell your master," said Mr. Wilder, "that the whole specie currency of the realm must be called in before he

can keep from the eyes of the people the features of the Emperor Napoleon." "You are right," said the officer, now leaving, but continuing aside to his comrades, "it is ridiculous, truly, this business we are on; but the Bourbons cannot see it."

The Snake-Charmers.

Among the sights bordering on the marvellous which attract the traveller's attention in Egypt, beyond even the mysterious proceedings of the Cairene magician who professes to summon the dead to life, may be mentioned the interesting performances of the snake-charmers. These men belong to the order of Riffa Dervishes. They profess to discover the presence of any venomous snakes which may be concealed in the house, a very common occurrence in the warm climate of Egypt, and, if there be such snakes, to allure them from their hiding-places.

The first measure usually resorted to by the wary spectator is to cause the performers to be thoroughly searched in the court-yard previously to their being introduced into the interior of the house, lest they may have snakes hidden either in the folds of their "caftans," or long flowing robes, or in those of their *libia*, or baggy trousers. Sometimes they are forced to deposit their voluminous garments in some corner of the court-yard, and, as an additional precaution, they are made to tuck up the loose sleeves of their *kamis*, or shirts, after these have been as closely examined as the rest of their clothes.

When all possible precautions have been taken, the snake-charmers are allowed to enter the house. Immediately on admission they assume an air of mystery, strike the walls and floor with a short palm-stick, whistle, make a chuckling noise with the tongue, and spit on the ground, exclaiming, "I adjure ye, if ye be above or below, that ye come forth;" "I adjure ye, by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth; and, if ye be disobedient, die! die!" However close may have been the previous search in every corner of the apartment, and in every piece of furniture and hanging drapery, in about ten minutes, generally speaking, after these exclamations, a snake is dislodged from one of the projecting cupboards with which most rooms are lined, or drops from the wood-work of the ceiling. The result of any incredulous expression on the part of the spectator, who may imagine the snake to be harmless, is to make the snake-charmer excessively indignant. He generally seizes one of the snakes by the neck, and, after displaying his fangs, tears him to pieces with his teeth, spitting out the bits on the ground with an excited, defiant air.

The only solution of this mystery is, that as these dervishes make it a practice to tame snakes, live habitually with them, and are not very cleanly in their habits, their bodies and clothes become deeply impregnated with the pungent oil which collects on the surface of the snake's skin, and thus the latter reptile, being gifted with strong olfactory nerves, is immediately made aware of an odor which appears to indicate the presence of members of his family, and comes forth from his hiding-place to greet them.

Dynamite.

Nitro-glycerine was discovered in the year 1847, by an Italian, named Ascolme Sobero; but its practical application is entirely due to the researches of Alfred Nobel, a Swedish mining-engineer. It does not explode when brought into contact with fire, and remains unchanged even when raised to the temperature of boiling water; but, at about forty degrees Fahrenheit,

it becomes merely poisonous, the cause of M. Nobel's death, with the comparison that mix spirit, method, quired and all stored mixing nitro-glycerine, plan is verted, quite as

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It becomes converted into an icy mass, which merely requires friction to develop all its explosive qualities. This peculiarity had been the cause of many lamentable accidents, when M. Nobel commenced a series of experiments with the view of rendering its employment comparatively safe. After some time, he found that mixing it with about ten per cent. of wood-spirit rendered it practically harmless, and this method is now generally adopted. When required for use, the wood-spirit can be removed, and all the properties of the nitro-glycerine restored by the simple addition of water, which, mixing with the spirit, sets free, as it were, the nitro-glycerine. The only drawback to this plan is that, when the nitro-glycerine is reconverted into its original state, it is of course quite as dangerous as ever.

To obviate this, M. Nobel has invented a new mixture, which he terms "dynamite." It consists of seventy-five per cent. of nitro-glycerine, and twenty-five per cent. of very fine sand, and is a brownish-looking powder, something like saw-dust, only greasy to the touch. It burns without explosion when placed in a fire, or brought into contact with a lighted match. If struck with a hammer on an anvil, the portion struck takes fire without inflaming the dynamite around it. As a proof of the perfect security with which it may be handled, we may mention that M. Nobel has placed a case containing about eight pounds of it (equal to nearly eighty pounds of ordinary powder) on a brick fire, and that the dynamite was consumed without noise or shock; while a similar case was flung from a height of sixty-five feet on to a hard rock without producing the slightest explosion. A weight of over two hundred pounds was then let fall from a height of twenty feet upon a box of dynamite; the box was smashed, but again there was no explosion.

The usual method of firing dynamite is by means of a copper capsule containing fulminate of silver—the latter being inflamed either by the ordinary slow-match, or by the electric spark. The employment of this capsule and detonating composition is absolutely essential for the explosion of dynamite. In order to give some idea of the force developed by such an explosion, it may be mentioned that a spoonful of it placed upon a block of quartz, covered with bricks, and fired, caused the quartz to be broken up into pieces about the size of a pea, and reduced the brick to powder. Like nitro-glycerine, dynamite congeals at a comparatively high temperature; but, to restore it to its proper condition, it is only necessary to put it in a warm place, or, if it is contained in closed cartridges, to plunge it into warm water.

In mining operations, dynamite possesses many advantages over nitro-glycerine, besides those already mentioned.

A Chinese Story.

Some years ago, when the Tai-ping rebels were devastating the most fruitful provinces of China, a novel plan was invented for discovering the money and other treasure concealed by the terrified merchants and people on the first warning of the approach of the rebels. Some ingenious Tai-ping thought within himself that, as men are all devout worshippers of gold and silver, something composed from man would, in all probability, be more efficacious than any thing else in discovering hidden treasure, without putting men to the pains of pulling down each separate brick of any suspected place, to get at the coveted hoard. He therefore seized the first prisoner he could lay hands on, and quietly proceeded to cut him up and put him into a large caldron, wherein he

was allowed to simmer until a sufficient coating of oil had collected on the surface; this was carefully skimmed off, and then a roll of cloth was spread out and soaked in the human oil, after which it was tightly rolled up and converted into a torch. The rebel then lit his torch, and, in a fever of expectation, started in quest of a likely house. Having found one to his taste, he entered, and slowly waved the torch in all directions, intently watching the flame, which shortly commenced flickering—like a man's fingers clutching at gold! The rebel was overjoyed at this sight, and felt sure that this was a sign that treasure was concealed exactly where the torch flickered; he accordingly set to work and pulled down that part of the wall, and sure enough there discovered a goodly hoard of silver. This plan was afterward universally adopted in the Tai-ping camp, and became so notorious that, on an imperial officer—in whose suite was my informant—taking one of the rebels prisoner, he questioned him as to the truth of the report, remarking, at the same time, that he could not possibly believe it. The prisoner declared that such was their method of discovering hidden treasure. Whereupon the officer replied that, as the prisoner persisted in vouching for the truth of the report, he would do himself the pleasure of testing its truth or falsehood on his person. The prisoner was immediately killed, cooked, and converted into a torch, and used with the greatest success!

The Long White Seam.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

As I came round the harbor-buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked harbor stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam.
It's aye sewing ashore, by dear,
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

I climbed to reach her cottage-door;
Oh, sweetly my love sings!
Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,
My soul to meet it springs
As the shining water leaped of old,
When stirred by angel-wings.
Aye longing to list anew,
Awake and in my dream,
But never a song she sang like this,
Sewing her long white seam.

Fair fall the lights, the harbor lights,
That brought me in to thee,
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear
All for the love of me!

For oh, for oh, with brow bent low
By the flickering candle's gleam,
Her wedding-gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

Robes de Chambre.

The Historical Museum in Munich has recently been presented with a new and certainly very curious article; it is the *robe de chambre* of the late King of Bavaria, Ludwig I., the same who made the famous Lola Montes a countess. The letter which accompanies this present states that the monarch wore this garment for sixty consecutive years. It is to be hoped that it has undergone a thorough scouring previous to being placed among the other curiosities of the Museum.

The idea of exhibiting *robes de chambre* in historical museums is not new; the *Musée des*

Souverains in Paris contains several of them, but they are not all as interesting as that of Ludwig I. This museum is considered by many a very useless institution. How many, among the present generation, care for most of the sovereigns! Yet the crown of Charlemagne, the panoply of Francis I. and that of Henry IV. are worth being preserved; so are the small hat, and the gray coat of Napoleon I. But among these interesting curiosities, the most worthy of attracting our attention is the precious little slipper made of black silk, worn out and patched, a mere rag, whose miserable appearance forms a strange contrast with the gaudy rags around.

This shoe is poor Marie Antoinette's. It slipped from her foot when her mutilated body was taken down from the scaffold. Picked up by a child, it passed into the hands of a royalist family, who kept it religiously for a long time, and afterward bequeathed it to the *Musée des Souverains*.

Its elegant shape, the delicate texture of the material, the perfection of the workmanship, show that it is the same which the unfortunate woman wore when she left the Tuilleries for the prison of the temple. During all the time of her captivity she could not get any other, and was reduced, poor queen, to mend it herself. This waif tells more of the sufferings of Marie Antoinette than all the accounts of historians.

Canes.

In the manufacture of canes great quantities and varieties of materials are consumed. There is scarcely grass or shrub, reed or tree, that has not been employed at one time or another. The blackthorn and crab, cherry-tree and furze-bush, sapling oak and Spanish reed, are the favorites. Then come supple-jacks and pimentoes from the West Indies, rattans and palms from Java, white and black bamboos from Singapore, and stems of the bambusa—the gigantic growth of the tropics—from Borneo. All these must be cut at certain seasons, freed from various appendages, searched to discover defects, assorted into sizes, and thoroughly rid of moisture. A year's seasoning is required for some woods, two for others. Then comes the curious process of manufacture. Twenty different handlings hardly finish the cheapest cane. The bark is to be removed after boiling the stick in water, or to be polished after roasting it in ashes; excrescences are to be manipulated into points of beauty; handles straightened and shanks shaped; forms twisted and heads rasped; tops carved or mounted, surfaces charred and scraped, shanks smoothed or varnished, and bottoms shaped and ferruled. Woods, too, have to be studied, lest chemical applications that beautify one might ruin another kind. Some are improved under subjection to intense heat, others destroyed. Malacca canes have frequently to be colored in parts so that stained and natural surfaces are not distinguishable; heads and hoofs for handles are baked to retain their forms; tortoise-shell raspings are conglomerated by pressure into ornamental shapes, and lithographic transfers, done by hand, are extensively used upon walking-sticks for the Parisian market.

Some of Dickens's Characters.

Mrs. Bardell was a Mrs. Ann Ellis, who kept an eating-house near Doctors' Commons; a blustering Sergeant Bumpus was the original of Sergeant Buzfuz; and Mr. Justice Stareleigh was a caricature, by no means extravagant, of Sir Stephen Gaslee. Mr. Fang, the truculent Bow-Street magistrate in "Oliver Twist," was a faithful portrait of Mr. Laing, a London police magistrate, whose conduct had long been a subject of bitter criticism in the newspapers.

"Oliver Twist" caused his removal. Traddles is said to have been Sir T. N. Talfourd; Esther Summerson a Miss Sophia Iselin, sister-in-law of Moxon, the publisher; and Detective Buckett, the well-known Inspector Field, with whom Dickens made several interesting tours of observation. In "Dombey and Son," several characters are said to have been drawn from life. Mr. Dombey is supposed to represent Mr. Thomas Chapman, ship-owner, whose offices were opposite the Wooden Midshipman. As if to make Mr. Chapman undoubtedly identical with Dombey, we have, as messenger of the commercial house of "Dombey and Son," one Perch, actually taken from a funny little old chap named Stephen Hale, who was part clerk, part messenger, in Mr. Chapman's office. Old Sol Gills was intended for a little fellow named Noric, who kept a very small shop in Leadenhall Street, exactly opposite the office of John Chapman & Co., in which "the stock in trade comprised chronometers, barometers, telescopes, compasses, charts, maps, sextants, quadrants, and specimens of every kind of instruments used in the working of a ship's course, or the keeping of a ship's reckoning, or the prosecuting of a ship's discoveries." In front of this small shop stands a figure carved in wood, and curiously painted, of a miniature midshipman, with a large quadrant in his hand, as if about taking an observation. What is more, the little shop and the Wooden Midshipman may be seen by the curious, adorning Leadenhall Street to this very day. Captain Cuttle was one David Mainland, master of a merchantman.

Wordsworth.

Wordsworth's favorite poet was Milton, as Southey's was Spenser, and I suppose that these poets to a certain degree served as models to them. It is curious to observe how Milton's genius triumphed over political prejudices in a mind so strongly imbued with them as that of Wordsworth. His veneration for Milton was so great that, if that poet used a particular word in a particular sense, he would quote his authority to justify himself when his wife or daughter objected to its employment in his own poems. The fact of Milton preferring Euripides to the other Greek tragedians, served to raise that dramatist in his opinion. Perhaps he was almost as much attached to Milton as he was to his own lakes and mountains, in which he could never see a fault. With respect to the latter, I doubt whether he thought they were equalled by any scenery in the world, and whether he would not have given them the preference even to Switzerland. In comparing them to Killarney, he admitted that there was one view there—I think it was the view between the upper and lower lake—which was superior to any in Cumberland or Westmoreland; but, as a whole, he thought Killarney inferior to the English lakes.

Wordsworth was never, as far as I know, addicted to field sports or other manly exercises; I doubt whether he was ever on a horse in his life. For I recollect that Hartley Coleridge, in criticising one of his poems—"Lucy" I think—said that a certain verse, in which the poet described himself as riding, was spoiled for him (H. C.), because the idea of Mr. Wordsworth on horseback was utterly incongruous. The only feat I remember his performing in the way of sport, was endeavoring to catch what he thought to be a trout, by tickling it, but which, when he hauled it on shore, to his horror proved to be a toad!

Habits of Robert Burns.

The family breakfasted at nine. If he lay long in bed awake, he was always reading. At

all meals, he had a book beside him on the table. He did his work in the forenoon, and was seldom engaged professionally in the evening. Dined at two o'clock, when he dined at home. Was fond of plain things, and hated tarts, pies, and puddings. When at home in the evening, he employed his time in writing and reading, with the children playing about him. Their prattle never disturbed him in the least. Had but rarely company in the evening. Was much occupied composing his songs, most of which he wrote several times over. "Had plenty of excise-paper, and scrawled away." Mrs. Burns thinks he chiefly composed while riding and walking, and wrote from memory after he came in. Was not a good singer, but had a very correct ear. Could "step a tune" rudely on the fiddle, but was no player. Sometimes took this method of satisfying himself as to the modulations of a tune. Was very particular with his letters, when of any consequence; and uniformly wrote a scrawl before the principal. Went to bed generally at eleven o'clock, and sometimes a little sooner. Went to church frequently in the afternoon; went often to Mr. Inglis's, the Dissenting clergyman. Never took supper, and never drank by himself at home. The drink then was chiefly rum and gin; very little whiskey was used. Burns never spoke English, but very correct Scotch.

Lovers' Stratagems.

Talking of lovers' intercommunications, modern courtship finds expedients that surpass Ovid's powers of invention. Two such come to mind. One was described to me by a party to it, a droll French *barbier* full of anecdote, who used to operate upon my *chevelure*, and nearly made me bald with his stories; for while I listened he talked, and while he talked he cut. He had kept a shop in a native country town, and thither used frequently to go a young demoiselle closely watched by her duenna. Her hair was curled in papers, which were letters to her lover. The hair-dresser took these out and laid them aside, replacing them when necessary with others, which were letters from the forbidden youth. This curl-paper love-making went on for months; the end of it does not concern us. The second expedient was witnessed in Seville. At dark, a young don stole beneath a lofty window, unscrewed the handle of his walking-stick, drew out length after length of its tubular interior, and fitted the parts like a fishing-rod; he put a mouth-piece at each end, and raised one end to the envied lattice. A head appeared; and as long as the spectator's patience lasted he saw lips and ears above and below alternately applied to the soul-communing pipe. Johnson's fishing-rod—"a worm at one end and a fool at the other!" Which was which?

House-Servants.

A writer in *London Society* says: I remember a lady being at the Botanical Gardens one day, and, while looking at the swans in the ornamental water, she accidentally touched the foot of another lady similarly employed. She immediately apologized, and the stranger, turning to bow, revealed her own house-maid. The girl was really elegantly dressed—better dressed and better looking than her mistress. The latter commenced a severe and angry lecture; but the house-maid took it very calmly, and told her mistress that she might provide herself with another house-maid by the end of the month. I believe there are certain houses in town to which servant-girls resort to doff their ordinary attire and don their ladylike raiment. I know a Frenchwoman who told her mistress that she meant to stay at home for a time to "compose herself and get her hands white."

Those who can read take a lively interest in the correspondence of the family. I know a family who were extremely annoyed by some piece of unpleasant family news becoming circulated in the neighborhood. They were careful people, and took pains either to lock up or destroy their letters. But it seemed that they tore up their letters into "spills," which they put into a vase on the drawing-room mantelshelf, and a servant had actually sewed together these "spills," and read off the contents of their letters.

Why they went to War.

A certain king, it is said, sent to another king, saying, "Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—" The other, in high dudgeon at the presumed insult, replied, "I have not got one; and if I had—" On this weighty cause they went to war for many years. After a satiety of glories and miseries, they finally bethought them that, as their armies and resources were exhausted, and their kingdoms mutually laid waste, it might be well to consult about the preliminaries of peace; but, before this could be concluded, a diplomatic explanation was first needed of the insulting language which formed the ground of the quarrel. "What could you mean," asked the second king of the first, "by saying, 'Send me a blue pig with a black tail, or else—?'" "Why," said the other, "I meant a blue pig with a black tail, or else some other color. But," retorted he, "what could you mean by saying, 'I have not got one, and if I had—?'" "Why, of course, if I had, I should have sent it." An explanation which was entirely satisfactory, and peace was concluded accordingly.

Aristotle.

Aristotle had nothing of the austerity of the philosopher, though his works are so austere. He was open, pleasant, and even charming in his conversation, fiery and volatile in his pleasures, magnificent in his dress. He is described as fierce, disdainful, and sarcastic. He joined to a taste for profound erudition that of elegant dissipation. His passion for luxury occasioned him such expenses when he was young, that he consumed all his property. Laertius has preserved the will of Aristotle, which is curious. The chief part turns on the future welfare and marriage of his daughter. "If, after my death, she chooses to marry, the executors will be careful she marries no person of an inferior rank. If she resides at Chalcis, she shall occupy the apartments contiguous to the garden; if she chooses Stagyræ, she shall reside in the house of my father, and my executors shall furnish either of those places."

Varieties.

PRINCESS LOUISE is to have eight bridesmaids, seven of whom have been selected: Lady Constance Seymour, daughter of the Marquis of Hertford; Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the Duke of Argyll; Lady Florence Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond; Lady Florence Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Duke of Sutherland; Lady Mary Butler, daughter of the Marquis of Ormonde; Lady Alice Fitzgerald, daughter of the Marquis of Kildare; and Lady Florence Montagu, daughter of the Earl of Sandwich.

Recollecting the unhappy fate of the library at Strasbourg, which was completely burned during the siege, it is some consolation to lovers of books that Metz escaped a bombardment, so that her library and museum remain still intact. The library consists of about thirty thousand volumes of printed books and eleven hundred and fifty-seven manuscripts, many of which date as far back as the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Some are beautifully illuminated, and others are his-

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torically valuable, such as the chronicles of Paul Ferry and Philippe de Vigneulles.

Persons who prefer oysters cooked in their own liquor may be interested in knowing what the fluid contains. The *Journal of Microscopy* says: "Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and, if viewed through a microscope, it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells and swimming nimbly about—one hundred and twenty of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalcula and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light represents a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room."

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* makes the following correction of an error which occurred in its publication of the President's message: "A typographical error of importance occurred in that portion of the message, published yesterday, which said that the course pursued by the Canadian authorities toward the Irishmen of the United States has not been marked by friendly feeling." The word Irishmen should be fishermen."

An enterprising agriculturist in Nebraska has planted one hundred acres with walnuts, and anticipates a very remunerative harvest in twenty years. Each acre will have six hundred and fifty trees, he says, which will be worth two hundred thousand dollars. He proposes next to try the pine, which will be marketable in fifty years. This sounds a little like the man who caged an eagle to ascertain whether it lived one hundred years.

Here are two small jokes about the river, which gives its name to the port of Liverpool: A wag, crossing to Woodside Ferry, and observing the muddiness of the water, remarked that Shakespeare was quite correct in stating that "the quality of *Mersey* is not strained." A Liverpool pilot, adrift in the Irish Sea during a dense fog, is said to have fervently uttered two lines from a well-known hymn:

"That Mersey I to others showed,
That Mersey show to me."

An ingenious confidence-scamp called on the wife of a Boston physician the other day, during the absence of her husband, and, representing that he owed the doctor twenty-five dollars, tendered a bogus check for thirty dollars, and received five dollars in change. The same trick was tried a few days afterward elsewhere, but the publicity given the first transaction frustrated the game.

The Manchester papers describe a new instrument of torture which has been set up at several works, and is intended to arouse the workmen from their slumbers. This "American devil," as the English workmen call it, is set to work at half-past five every morning, and it wakes every one within two miles. The "American devil" is known to its friends as a "steam-gong."

The Prussians let loose hawks, whenever suspicious-looking birds are seen on the wing toward Paris. The attacks which these birds of prey make upon the weaker birds is doubtless an explanation of the report that but a small number of pigeons carried away from Paris ever return. The hawks are called uh-lans of the air.

Viscount Vilain XIV. has been reelected president of the Chamber of Representatives of Belgium. As the title of Vilain XIV. goes from father to son without ever becoming XV., it should be stated, to explain the apparent difficulty, that the addition of XIV. was conferred by Louis XIV. as a permanent distinction, in allusion to his own title.

The two official documents which issue from the pope are distinguished as the bull and the brief. To the bull is attached the leaden seal, or *bullo*, from which it derives its name; while a brief is sealed with the "Ring of the Fisherman," or a seal on which is engraved the image of St. Peter in a boat.

"We regret," says the London *Army and Navy Gazette*, "that, in the face of the alarming aspect of the Eastern difficulty, recruiting has practically come to so near a stand-still that

the standard of height was officially lowered this week by a private order to five feet four and one-half inches."

There is sometimes wit in an unwitting answer, as in the reply of the lady who, when asked "What's the difference between the North and South Pole?" unconsciously replied, "Why, all the difference in the world."

The milling of coin, which Queen Elizabeth established to prevent clipping, has retained its efficacy until the present inventive era, and now two men have been caught in San Francisco shaving fifty and sixty cents off of twenty-dollar gold-pieces, and then remilling them.

Hans Christian Andersen is described as tall, rather round-shouldered, with iron-gray hair. He is not handsome; but, when he smiles, it makes one love him, it is so genial and pleasant. He is perfectly simple and childlike in his manner, and is a bachelor of sixty-five.

A colored mail-carrier in Virginia was recently well shaken by a man for kicking his dog. "Look-a-here, massa," said he, "you'd better be keeful how you shake dis chile! Cos when you shakes me, you shakes the whole of the United States; I carries de mails."

A new ticket-printing machine, which has just been patented in England and Prussia, prints railway-tickets on both sides, perforates them, and numbers them consecutively, by one process, and does all this at the rate of two hundred a minute.

A letter from Paris says: "It is strange and painful to see groups of well-dressed women looking in the windows of pork-butcher's and tripe-shops with the same eager curiosity with which they used to gaze at ribbons and bonnets."

A Peoria lady of fashion has ordered a gorgeous coffin and funeral trappings, and proposes to have all her friends and acquaintances, without partiality, invited to attend her obsequies, by notices printed on the choicest paper. She has not fixed the date.

It is five years since nitro-glycerine came into use. The one thousand seven hundred persons whom it has killed or maimed for life, and the millions of property which it has destroyed, may be styled recommendations of its efficiency.

Emily Pitts Stevens proclaims to a suffering world that, when women vote, "poverty, idleness, drunkenness, broken-down constitutions in young men and young women, and infant-slaughter, will not be perpetuated or tolerated even."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, says Dickens, and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last.

The American Tract Society has issued four thousand different publications, in one hundred and forty-three different languages. Every day their presses throw off five thousand books and fifty thousand tracts.

The Superior Court in Cincinnati decides that a wife has a vested right in her husband's society and companionship, and can maintain an action for damages against any person who tempts him to stay away from home.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the second that they have no mind.

Mr. Gladstone spoke one hundred and seventy-eight times during the late session of Parliament, and the speeches occupy eighty columns of the *Times*.

A little girl wants to know if fleas are white, because her uncle told her that "Mary had a little lamb with fleas as white as snow."

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

Eight of the foreign diplomats at Washington are married to American wives.

The Chinese at North Adams, Massachusetts, have a Sunday-school. They are very eager to learn, and the classes are always full.

The French balloons, with a fair wind, go about as fast as the express-trains on American railroads.

The widow and two daughters of Nathaniel Hawthorne are now living in Kensington, the "old court suburb" of London.

There are now more than a score of republics in the world.

Five women run and own boats on the Erie Canal.

A Chicago girl, who has lost a leg, advertises for a husband similarly afflicted.

Out West raw potatoes are administered as a cure for intoxication.

London has thirty-two slang synonyms for drunkenness, and seventeen for money.

California boasts of acorns as large as horse-chestnuts.

The ship that everybody likes—Good fellow-ship.

One poultry fancier in California has ten thousand hens.

There are four hundred and thirty-seven lakes in Oakland County, Michigan.

Sincerity is the leading characteristic of a really heroic life.

Western adaptation of the words of the poet: "Loathe the poor Indian."

The Museum.

IN continuation of our geological series, we present this week an ideal landscape of the Miocene Period, the second subdivision of the Tertiary Epoch. Our illustration exhibits some of the remarkable mammals of this era. In the foreground, to the right, is the *dinotherium*, lying in the marshy grass, to the left is the rhinoceros, and behind it the mastodon. An ape of great size, the *dryopithecus*, is seen hanging from the branches of a tree. The vegetable kingdom is for the greater part analogous to those of our days. Oaks grow side by side with palms, the birch with bamboos, elms with laurels.

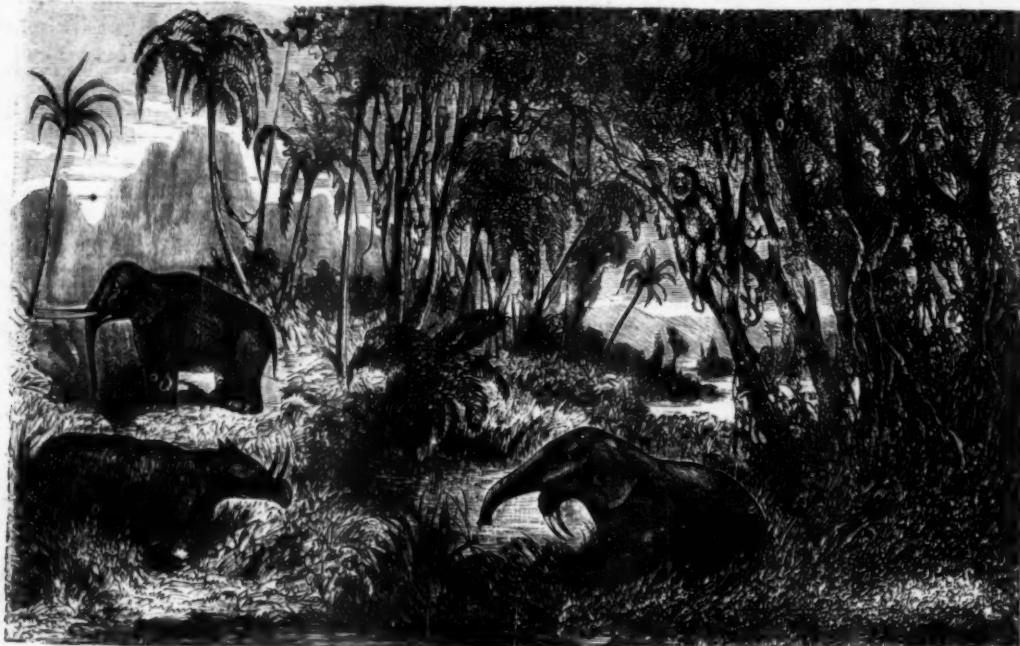
The *dinotherium* is the largest terrestrial mammal that ever lived. This colossus of the ancient world somewhat approaches the mastodon; it seems to announce the approach of the elephant, but its dimensions were vastly greater than those of living elephants, and superior even to those of the mastodon and of the mammoth, both fossil elephants. From its kind of life the *dinotherium* scarcely merits its formidable name (from *deinos*, terrible; *therion*, animal). Its size was, no doubt, frightful enough, but its habits seem to have been harmless. It is supposed to have inhabited freshwater lakes, or the mouths of great rivers and the marshes bordering their banks, by preference. Herbivorous, like the elephant, it employed its proboscis probably in seizing the plants which hung suspended over the waters, or floated on their surface. We know that elephants are very partial to the roots of herbaceous plants which grow in flooded plains. The *dinotherium* appears to have been organized to satisfy the same tastes. With the powerful natural mattock which Nature had supplied him for penetrating the soil, he would be able to tear from the bed of the river or lake feculent roots like those of the nymphæa, or even much harder ones, for which the mode of articulation of the jaws, and the powerful muscles intended to move them, as well as the large surface of the teeth, so well calculated for

grinding, were evidently intended. For a long time the imperfect remains discovered of this animal induced Cuvier to place it among the tapirs, but the discovery of a lower jaw, nearly perfect, armed with long defensive tusks descending from it, demonstrated that this animal was the type of an altogether new and singular genus. In 1886 a head, entire, of this

creature was found in the Grand-duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. It was a yard and a half long and above a yard wide.

The mastodon was, to all appearance, very nearly of the form of our elephant—his body, however, being somewhat longer, and his limbs, on the contrary, a little thicker. He had tusks, and very probably a trunk, and is

chiefly distinguished from the existing elephant by the form of his molar teeth. The name means teat-like toothed animal. In 1796 remains of this animal were found at Albany, but it was not till 1801 that a nearly perfect skeleton was discovered near Newburg, on the Hudson. Only fragments of the mastodon have been found in Europe.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Miocene Period.

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